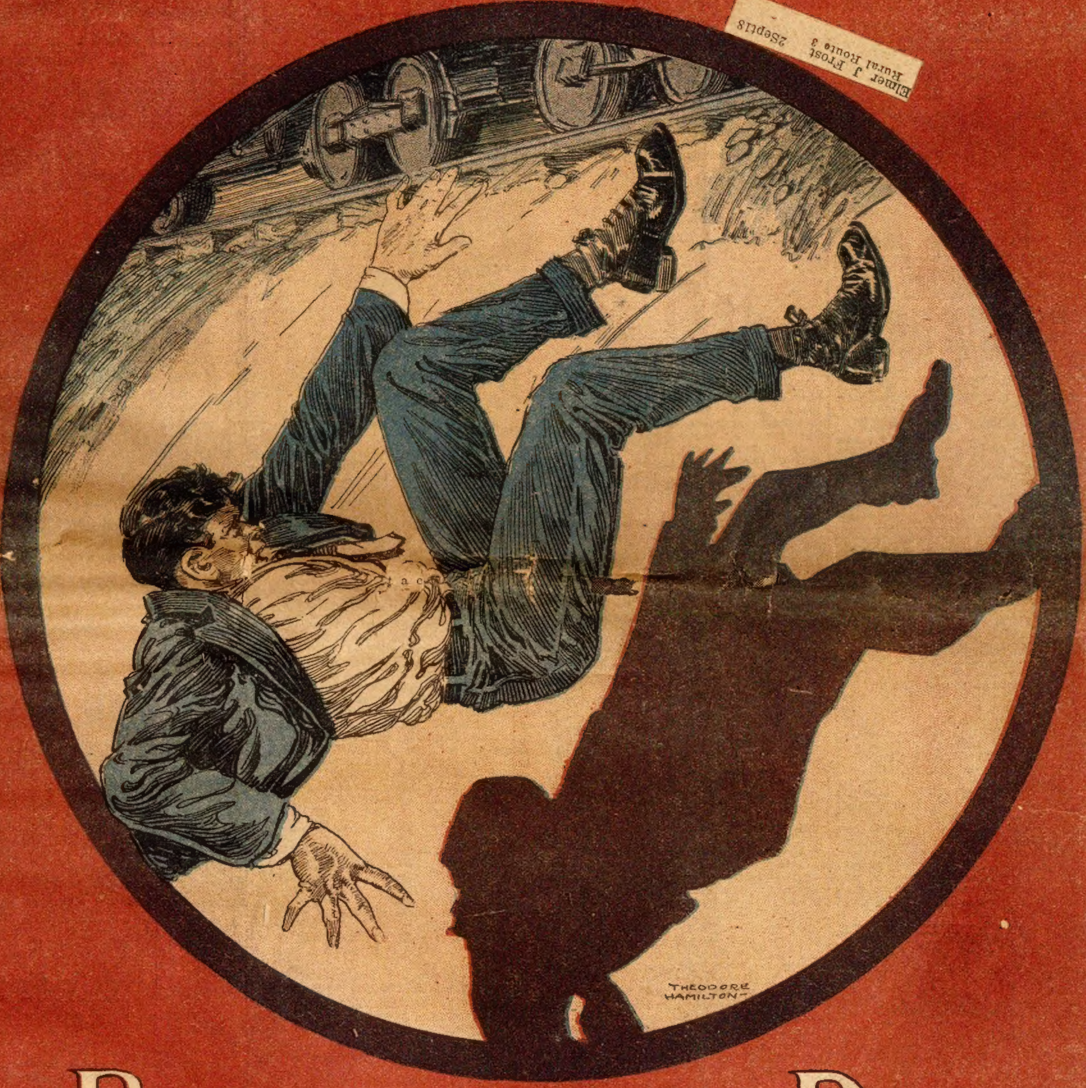
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 42. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

Elmer J Frost 2Sept18
Rural Route 3


THEODORE HAMILTON

# BROTHERS of the RAIL

BY LEMUEL LAWRENCE DeBRA

PANTS TO MEASURE
ONLY $2.95
1½ Year's Satisfaction or Money Back
Fine hand tailoring. Choice of many snappy, smart fabrics for dress or business wear. You save one half. Every penny back quick any time you are not well pleased.
NO EXTRAS—WE PAY EXPRESS
No strings to this offer. Not a penny extra for anything. We even prepay all postage and express.
FREE GOLD PLATED PIN
Classy lapel pin free with your first order to show you are a regular agent. Send quick—supply limited.
SEND NO MONEY
Cash Profits
Your friends will buy on sight at our low prices. Our agents make up to $75 a week, cash for spare time. You can do it easy. Write quick for BIG, new sample outfit to choose from, and our astonishing offer FREE. Do it NOW.
CHICAGO TAILORS ASSOCIATION
Dept. D427, 515 So. Franklin St., CHICAGO

EASY FORM MUSIC
SENT TO YOU FREE
An astonishing offer. Seize it quickly. MUSIC WITHOUT NOTES! A sensational success. Over 300,000 people now play piano by this wonderful new EASY FORM MUSIC; even young children learn quickly. Here is your opportunity. Don't miss it.
PLAY PIANO or Organ in ONE HOUR
Simple as a-b-c. No teacher required. No correspondence lessons by mail. No knowledge of note music required. This remarkable book, sent FREE on trial, contains ONE HUNDRED of the world's most famous vocal and instrumental selections printed in EASY FORM MUSIC. Send no money.
PLAY PIANO NEW WAY
If you don't learn in five days to play not merely one but SEVERAL popular pieces, send it back; no obligations whatsoever. Or, if you wish to keep the book, pay only 6½c each for the selections—special half price offer to those who write at once. No extra charges of any kind. Complete course of easy instructions free with the book. Be sure to tell us how many white keys on your piano or organ. Send a postal NOW.
EASY METHOD MUSIC CO., 374 Clarkson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLDIER AND SAILOR
Carry in your Pocket two or three envelopes of
Allen's Foot-Ease
The Antiseptic, Healing Powder.
These envelopes take up little or no room and are always ready for instant use in healing scratches and skin breaks, as well as for sprinkling into the Shoes to prevent chafing of the feet and inflamed, foot-sore conditions. Allen's Foot-Ease takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet.
Soldiers use Foot-Ease
The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.
When writing to your Soldier and Sailor friends in Training Camps and Cantonments, why not enclose an envelope or two of Allen's Foot-Ease. One War Relief Committee writes: "We are having many requests for Allen's Foot-Ease from the troops." Sold everywhere by Drug and Department Stores, 30c.

Make Your Bike a Motorcycle
The Shaw Attachment Fits Any Bicycle
Makes your old bike a dependable, easy-running, light weight power machine. Compact. Easy to attach. No special tools or knowlege necessary. Battery or magneto. Thousands in use in U.S. and foreign countries. Wonderful hill climber. FREE BOOK—Write for prices, terms, etc., also about Shaw Motorbicycle, a completely equipped power bike at a big saving.
SHAW Mfg. Co.
Dept. 214
Galesburg, Kans.

PHONOGRAPH and RECORD FREE
Wonderful Spring Motor Talking Machine, mahogany finish, and popular record is yours. A real Talking Machine. Plays all size records up to 10 inches. Given for selling only 25 beautiful Pictures or 25 packages Post Cards at 10 cents each. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. Order your choice today.
GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 745 CHICAGO

New Feather Beds only $11.25
New Feather Pillows $2.15 per pair. New Feathers, best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for new Catalog.
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Desk 3, Greensboro, N.C.

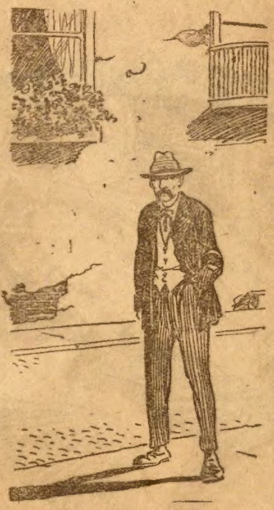
# The Jasmine Token

## By Walter Joseph Delaney

[Copyright.]

A JASMINE in a wooden box—the box pained red, the leaves green, the flower white. It stood within the open casement above the street, innocent looking enough, yet many a man, passing on the opposite side of the thorofare, gazed full upon it—and meaningly.

Such pedestrians would slow up in their walk, would look behind, in front, around them. Then they would take in the figure of the man standing inside the room beyond.



Many a Man Passing on the Opposite Side Would Gaze Upon It Meaningly.

Quickly, deftly, this man, Sior Franco, would engage in mysterious finger signs. A message was seemingly conveyed. The men would pass on a little more speedily. Reaching the corner and turning it, they would start a swift run as tho they had become suddenly messengers bent on an urgent and important mission.

This was at Ribera, an Italian town, held close in the Austro clutch. War was in the air. Half the population had fled to Milan. Sior Franco had lingered. First, because of duty, next, because Pepina, the pretty flower girl, lived in the same sprawling tenement, and Franco loved Pepina.

She came tripping across the broad court and into the room where the jasmine was, eyes bright, face aglow. She wore a token of mourning, a crepe bow at the neck, but affliction and bereavement could not quell love. She took the hand of her affianced lover with a warm clasp. Excitement and anxiety were commingled in her questioning face.

"It is tonight?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, [illegible] tonight," ass[illegible] Franco, and he went forward and reverently kissed her white forehead. "The jasmine pot has done its mission. My friends have received their warning, and there will be a hegira before another dawn. It is well, for already the Austros are arresting those whom they suspect. Every one so taken makes one brave soldier the less for the army of Italy."

"Ah! had my brother but lived!" spoke Pepina, her fair brow clouding, a quiver of sorrowful memory crossing her lips. "Shot as a spy, and I bereft——"

"Except for me," interrupted Franco. "My sweet! Once over the border, you shall become a soldier's bride."

She nestled closer to his protecting embrace. Then, suddenly: "Ah, Franco, I forgot about this pretty plant I loaned you. It belonged to my dear brother, Cesaro. There is a secret about it. I will tell you——"

"What is that?" abruptly broke in Franco. "The Austros!"

Following the ring of musket ends upon the outside pavement there came the echo of hurrying feet. Almost immediately an Austrian officer with drawn sword burst into the room. He was followed by four soldiers.

"Seize the conspirators!" he ordered.

"Hold!" directed Franco, as the men stepped forward with military promptness and decision. "What means this?"

"You are an Italian—this girl, too," retorted the officer offensively. "Ah! need we ask?" he cried to his cohorts. "Look!" and he pointed his sword at the flower box. "Sedition!"

"What mean you?" challenged Franco.

"Green, white, red—the Italian colors. It tells the story—sedition!"

"It is my poor pretty plant!" exclaimed Pepina. "I cherish it, for it is a memento of my dead brother."

"The treacherous thing!" and springing forward the officer made a swing with his sword and lopped off the flowering stem.

The eyes of Franco flashed. Pepina tore herself from his protecting clasp. She rushed at the box, picked it up and clasped it to her breast, sobbing out:

"Oh, cruel! cruel! You make a harmless flower bleed—and my heart! Poor, dear! poor wounded dear!" and she pressed the box closer to her bosom.

"Get ready to accompany us," ordered the officer grimly. "You can keep your precious memento," he sneered, "but no delay."

Pepina was clasping the denuded plant as tho it were a hurt child. She took her place by the side of her lover. The soldiers guarding them front and rear, they were marched from the room and into the street.

The official who had arrested them consulted a higher official in command of a troop of soldiers massed near by. Then he returned to his own coterie.

"These prisoners are to be taken to Monte Carrena," he advised. "The commandant has reason to believe that they are the secret head of the group which has made us so much trouble. They are to be state prisoners," and the official drew his hand across his throat as if to indicate a sure execution.

"Let me keep close to you," whispered Pepina as the long tramp was begun.

"But when we are separated at the prison——" began Franco mournfully.

"We shall not be separated if you are alert," assured Pepina mysteriously. "Hush, the soldiers are watching us. When we near the old wooden bridge crossing the Palma, be vigilant."

"What mean you?" began Franco wonderingly, but one of the soldiers at that moment prodded him up with his bayonet, and the colloquy was interrupted.

As the little party got beyond the edge of the city the leader secured a piece of rope and bound one hand of Franco to that of Pepina, thus hampering any attempt at flight. The road was deserted and the soldiers allowed the twain to proceed in advance while they straggled on behind.

"Franco," suddenly whispered Pepina. "My treasure!"

"We are nea[illegible] the bridge. It is a toilsome ascent to the approach."

"Yes, my love."

"Make urgent haste in scaling the incline and in crossing the bridge."

"You have a purpose?"

"Wait and see," returned Pepina enigmatically.

The lightly tripping girl and her willing lover moved up the incline. The accoutrements of the soldiers made their progress rapid. Franco and Pepina were half way across the wooden bridge spanning the deep and turbid Palma before their captors has completed the ascent to the approach.

"Halt!" shouted the officer, as he noted their rapid and suspicious advance.

"Run," uttered Pepina, "or all is lost!"

"Halt, or we'll fire!" again shouted the officer.

But just at that moment the girl and her lover had cleared the bridge.

"What now?" questioned Franco curiously.

"We shall see—so!"

Pepina had lifted the flower pot free from her bosom.

It landed directly in the middle of the bridge. That frail portion seemed blown into space.

"Quick—no delay!" ordered the spirited girl at the side of Sior Franco.

Some shots hurtled harmlessly over their heads, but they were now down the incline and out of range of their recent captors.

"The flower pot?" began Franco, wonderingly.

"It served you as a signal."

"Yes."

"And my dead brother cherished it not only for a patriot's flower, but because within it he had hidden an explosive projectile, ready for just such an emergency as this," explained Pepina.

"And pursuit is blocked!" cried Franco hopefully.

"Yes," answered Pepina. "We must not linger or delay."

"No, they may find a boat or cross a ford," added Franco.

The lights of their haven of refuge, a fair Italian city, showed in the near distance at last.

"Many of our friends must have preceded us——" began Franco.

"Due to the jasmine signal," replied Pepina. "Ah," she added sorrowfully, "poor, dear flower!"

"It shall be the guerdon of our wedding day," promised Franco tenderly.

FREE! for 10 Days Wear
See these wonderful Tifnite Gems—sent direct on our special Free Wear offer. Wear one and your friends will say that it's a diamond. Tifnites have the pure white color and the flash and fire of the diamond—stand all diamond tests, fire, acid and diamond file. No backing, no paste, no foil, full of fire and sparkle. Only an expert can distinguish between them—and yet they cost so little. Don't miss this great offer. Send the coupon now and let us send you your choice of these three superb rings or scarf pin to wear free ten days. Send no money. Just the coupon—now while the offer holds good.
Flat Belcher Ring
No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight claw design with flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.
Solid Gold Mounting
Every Tifnite Gem is set in the most fashionable, most artistic mounting—guaranteed Solid Gold. Send the coupon and see for yourself what wonderful gems these are.
Ladies' Ring
No. 2. Solid gold Tiffany mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50, only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.
Diamonds and Tifnites
"As Like As Two Peas"
Select the ring you want or the stick pin and send the coupon. When it comes, pay only $3.50 on arrival. Wear it 10 days. If fully satisfied, pay balance on easy terms as given under the illustrations. Otherwise return the ring or pin to us and we will refund any money you have paid. You risk nothing by accepting this offer. So send while it holds good.
Send No Money
Scarf Pin
No. 5. Solid gold open circle design. 1-2 K. Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50. $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 a month.
Neither money nor references. Just the coupon brings the wonderful Tifnite Gem mounted in solid gold. For size, cut a strip of heavy paper so that ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around 2nd joint of finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Don't let it overlap. Send this with coupon. Send now and take advantage of this free trial offer. Satisfy yourself about these dazzling gems.
Tooth Belcher Ring
No. 3. Solid gold six-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3 per month.
THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
Rand McNally Bldg., Dept. 375 Chicago
Send me..................No...........on 10 Days' approval. If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 on arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days.
Name..........................................................
Address..........................................................
City...................................State..................

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer
Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer.
Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus Pa.

WRIST WATCH FREE
You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Valliere and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures today and when sold, send us the $2.00 and choose the premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO

FOUNDED 1873
Single Copies—5 Cents
Delivered by Agent
One Year (52 issues)—$1.50
By Mail Direct to You

# CHICAGO LEDGER

*PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY*
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER 19, 1918. No. 42.

### *First Half of an Exciting Tale of Railroad Life*

# BROTHERS OF THE RAIL

### By Lemuel Lawrence De Bra

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FIGHT IN THE CAR.

THERE was a quiet footstep, a low rustle of paper, and Bob Warren, fireman on the B. Y. & N. Railroad, stopped short in his daily clean-up and blinked thru the stinging soapsuds at a yellow envelope that had been shoved under his door.

Such an occurrence, in that little railroad hotel in which Warren lived, was so unusual that he grabbed a towel, wiped the tar soap, coal dust and engine oil off his face, and stepped quickly to the door. He flung it open and looked up and down the hall. There was no one in sight.

"That's strange," muttered Warren as he closed the door again. "From the way that fellow pulled his freight he must have been afraid I'd flag him before he got out of the yards. Wonder who it was?" He picked up the message and looked it over curiously. It was an ordinary company envelope, and across the face was written in a bold, railroad hand: "Mr. Robert Warren."

Bob tore the envelope open, shook out the folded message, and read it. And as he read his face sobered and his eyes became grave.

"Better take a run up to Oakhurst tonight and look up your brother Harry. He's hitting the high spots again," the message said.

Bob shoved the message into the pocket of his coat hanging on the wall, and turned back to his dressing, worried and perplexed. It seemed that ever since that bad check affair, Harry had been a constant source of trouble for Bob, but the latter had never lost faith in him. Harry was young and wild; but he was not bad, Bob assured himself time and again.

The strange thing about it, the thing that perplexed Bob, was the way this message about Harry had come. Who brought it? If a friend took such an interest in his affairs, why didn't he come out openly? Bob felt oppressed with the feeling that there was more to that message than he could read on the face of it.

He was pondering over the matter when the buzzer in his room rang twice—the call to the 'phone at the end of the hall. Bob flung out the door and hastened to the 'phone. For a moment he talked. When he returned to his room he hurried thru his dressing, left the hotel and hastened down the street.

Deems, the division headquarters, was a very pretty town as railroad towns go. On this June evening, the air was heavy with the fragrance of blooming flowers, and the yards along the street down which Warren hurried were ablaze with color.

Presently Bob turned and leaped lightly over a fence. Set back some distance from the street was a small house, and, at one side of the porch, was a large bush of yellow roses, a vivid splash of gold against the dull white of the cottage. Warren took the porch steps at a bound and rang the bell. The door was opened by a girl of about twenty. Her merry, brown eyes lighted with pleasure at sight of the caller.

"Why, Bob," she cried gayly, "you must have run all the way!"

"Never hurried a bit, Enid," declared Warren, deftly ringing a peg on the hat-rack with his derby. "My goodness!" he added joyfully, "that supper smells good."

"'Tis good," affirmed the girl. She led the way into the dining-room. "Sit here and behave yourself if you can, while I make tea. I'll send mother and Jack right in."

The girl left, and presently her mother and Jack Lowery, Enid's only brother, entered. They exchanged pleasant greetings with Bob, then seated themselves at the table.

"You're all shined up tonight, Jack," remarked Warren. "Going some place?"

Jack seemed a bit embarrassed by the question. He looked quickly at his mother, flung a glance toward the kitchen as tho looking to see if Enid was within hearing. Then he turned to Warren.

"Because I'm just a common wiper at the roundhouse must I wear my old ducks all the time?" he asked evasively.

"Not at all," smiled Bob. And before more could be said Enid came in.

"Wilford was to be here this evening," she said to Warren, "but he 'phoned at noon that he was too ill. We had made all preparations for him to come to supper and were so disappointed that I 'phoned you to take his place." Covertly she watched young Warren's face. "So you're subbing tonight, Bob."

Warren frowned. Why should Enid bring up Wilford Decoto just at that time? Surely she knew that the superintendent's son had forced Bob to leave the only home he had ever known. When Engineer Tom Warren lost his life in the wreck at Red Gulch, Division Superintendent Decoto had taken the boy, Bob Warren, into his own home and raised him. As brothers, Bob Warren and Wilford Decoto had gone thru school and then had started railroading. Now they were firemen. The only split in their friendship had been over Enid Lowery, and that had been of Wilford's making. Bob was sure that Enid had heard of it. Because of that, Bob had left the Decoto home and had gone to live at a railroad hotel.

"I'm sorry he's not well," said Bob simply.

"So am I," rejoined Enid. "I sent him a big bouquet of yellow roses, and he wrote me just the nicest note of thanks."

"That reminds me," spoke up Warren, looking at his watch. "I got a note this evening, myself. I must take a run up to Oakhurst tonight to—to see Harry."

Enid started. She flung a questioning look at Warren. She opened her lips as if to speak, then appeared to change her mind.

"Going on the 37?" asked Jack Lowery.

"Yes."

"Soon be time," said Jack, and fell silent.

"I'm sorry you have to go," said Enid, but Bob thought he detected an odd note in her voice. It was as tho she somehow sensed the importance of his trip and did not want to ask him to delay it.

Some time later, Warren passed out the front gate, waved his hand to the girl on the porch, and hurried down the street toward the depot. Before he had gone a block, he stopped and sniffed the night air suspiciously.

"Humph!" he muttered, looking up at the black, starless sky. "There's a storm coming. Bad night for the trip ahead of me. Guess I'll go by the hotel and get my raincoat."

He turned at the next corner and started for the tracks some distance to the west of the depot. Before he reached them, rain was falling. By the time he got to the coal-chutes fronting the yards he had to step under one of the chutes to avoid a drenching. Five minutes passed with no cessation of the downpour. He looked at his watch impatiently.

"No raincoat for me now," he muttered. "The 37 will be pulling out soon. Ah, there she is now!"

Down the track by the station, the headlight of No. 37, local freight west, flashed thru the rain. It had been Warren's intention to ride in the caboose, but as the train slowly pulled by him, and he noticed the black, yawning doorway of an empty box car, he changed his mind.

Warren was well acquainted with the crew of No. 37 and, since he did not want his brother's affairs to be common gossip, he had been wondering what excuse he would give for riding out of Deems with them on such a night. The empty box solved the problem. He would ride the "side-door Pullman" and would be under no necessity to answer any questions. He dashed thru the rain and scrambled into the car.

In the doorway, Warren paused to look out at the rain-lashed yards just as a sheet of lightning threw every object into bold relief; and what he saw startled him. Under the coal-chutes, in the very spot Warren had just quitted, stood Hiram Davis, the division's private detective. His face was toward Warren as he entered the car.

Darkness covered the scene instantly and altho Warren leaned far out and tried to pierce the inky night he could not make out even the outlines of the figure under the chutes.

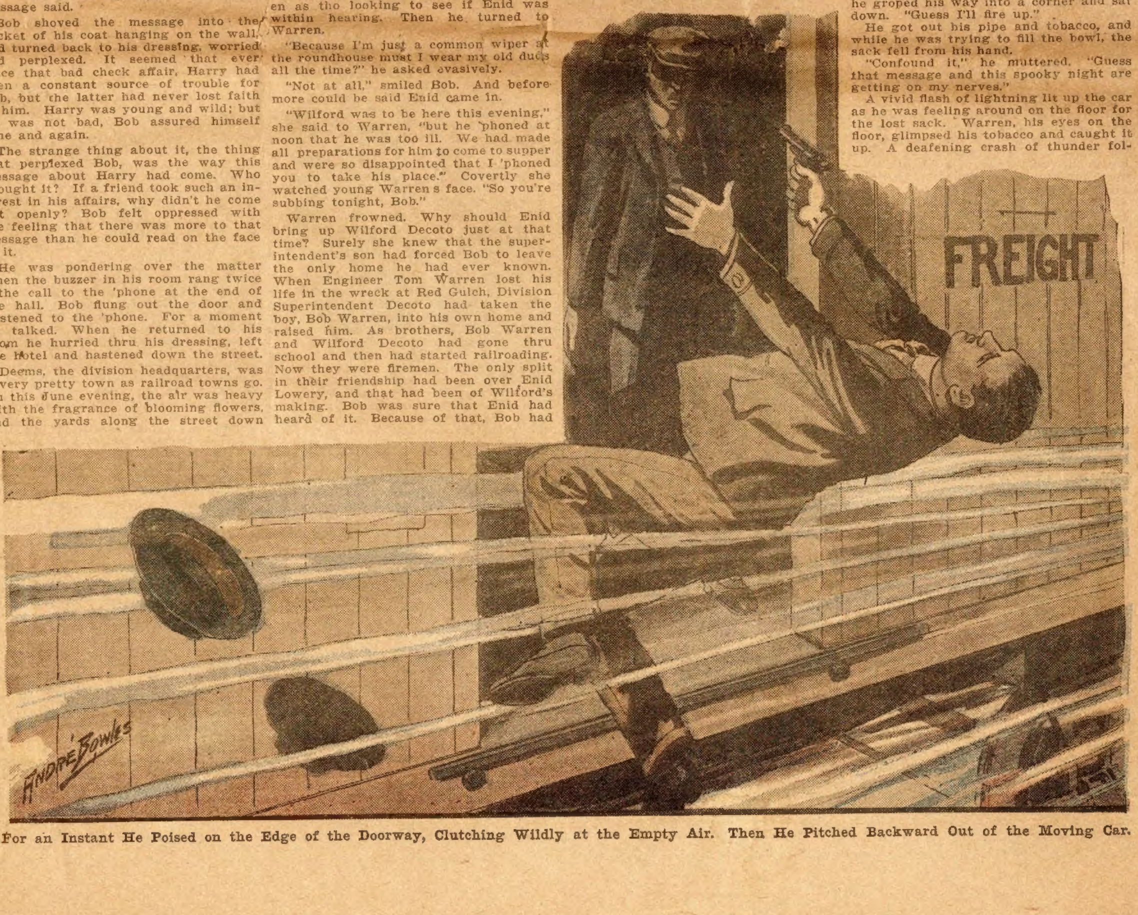
For a moment Warren stood in the doorway, looked back at the receding lights of the city, and wondered at what he had seen. Soon a sharp gust of wind swept the rain into his face and he sought shelter at one end of the car.

"Beastly night," said he, shivering, as he groped his way into a corner and sat down. "Guess I'll fire up."

He got out his pipe and tobacco, and while he was trying to fill the bowl, the sack fell from his hand.

"Confound it," he muttered. "Guess that message and this spooky night are getting on my nerves."

A vivid flash of lightning lit up the car as he was feeling around on the floor for the lost sack. Warren, his eyes on the floor, glimpsed his tobacco and caught it up. A deafening crash of thunder fol-



For an Instant He Poised on the Edge of the Doorway, Clutching Wildly at the Empty Air. Then He Pitched Backward Out of the Moving Car.

lowed the lightning. Warren finished filling his pipe and nervously struck a match. When the tiny, wavering flame pushed back the darkness, the match fell from his fingers and he uttered a sharp cry of astonishment.

A man with a mask over the lower part of his face was crouched against the side of the car not five feet away! Warren sprang afoot just as a form lunged against him. Before he could gain his balance, strong hands took rough hold of his shoulders, whirled him about, and rushed him toward the open door. At the speed the train was then going, Warren could have jumped from the car without injury; but he had no intention of being thrown out. He swung around and grappled with his assailant.

A terrific struggle ensued. It seemed to Warren they battled for hours. Strong, wiry, and quick as he was, he could gain nothing on the man who strived with increasing fury to throw him from the moving train, which soon was running at such speed that the attempt seemed little short of cold-blooded murder.

The freight train rumbled on thru the stormy night. The wind shrieked thru the brake beams, and the rain beat angrily against the creaking boards. Daggers of vivid lightning rent the black sky, followed by peal after peal of crashing thunder. But, thru it all, the two desperate men in the swaying car took no heed.

Suddenly, amid the lightning's flash, Warren caught the gleam of a revolver in the hand of the masked man. Quickly he sprang for it and his right hand closed over the cylinder. He gave the gun a vicious, upward twist.

A red flame leaped at his face and above the roar of the storm sounded the explosion of the revolver. A pain, like the thrust of a hot needle, seared Warren's shoulder. Desperate and furious, he wrenched violently at the weapon and tore it from the other's grasp.

The victory was his, but by a treacherous trick of fate, it cost him dearly. The struggle had brought the two men near the open door. As Warren staggered back with the revolver in his hand, his foot tripped. For an instant he poised on the edge of the doorway, clutching wildly at the empty air. Then without a sound he pitched backward out of the moving car.

---

## CHAPTER II.
## BLACK'S CROSSING.

FROM Deems to Oakhurst, the station to which Warren had started, was a distance of thirty-two miles. Midway between these two points sprawled Black's Crossing, as lonely a spot as one could run across in a year's journey.

As Warren shot backward out of the box car, the whole right-of-way between Deems and Black's Crossing flashed thru his mind. The prospect of plunging headlong to the sharp, coarse gravel that ballasted the road was horrifying and Warren felt that he had made his last run.

Also he was clearly conscious of something that struck him as remarkably odd. The masked man had certainly made every effort to throw him from the train; yet, when Warren stumbled and pitched backward out of the car, he heard his assailant cry out in dismay. The next instant Warren's head and shoulders struck something soft and yielding. He whipped down an embankment, went into a heap on the muddy ground, and lay there, stunned, but uninjured.

The cold rain beating on his face quickly aroused him. Slowly and painfully he got afoot just in time to see the tail-lights of 37 blink out in the darkness toward Black's Crossing. At that moment, too, he became aware that he still clung to the revolver which had been the cause of his fall.

Curious, Warren stooped and picked up a handful of the spongy substance that had saved his life. "Sawdust!" he exclaimed. "Joe Black's sawmill! What luck! To think that in sixteen miles of rocks, I should happen to fall clear of the gravel and land on the one spot where I had a chance."

No sooner had he spoken than the lightning showed him the mill. He ran along the sawdust pile to the building and got inside out of the rain. Warren had often been in this mill and with the aid of a few matches got to the saw room. He found a candle, lighted it, and placed it on the workbench. Then he took off his coat to examine his shoulder.

The wound was painful and had bled freely, but proved to be a mere scratch. He put his coat back on.

"Don't need a Bad Order tag on me yet," he said grimly. "If I had my hat and my pipe, I'd be in fine shape. That was the strangest run I ever made," he continued after a moment's reflection. "Who was that fellow? He surely took a strong and sudden dislike for my company. I wonder if he's got his telephone number on this cannon I took away from him."

Warren drew the revolver out of his pocket and held it up to the light.

"My Heaven!" he gasped. "It's Jack Lowery's!" He drew closer to the light and with trembling hands examined the handle. There were Jack's initials just as Warren had seen the big fellow carve them one day when the two were on a hunting trip.

Dumfounded by this amazing discovery, Warren found strange thoughts racing thru his mind. "Why should Jack Lowery attack me?" was the one question that repeated itself over and over. There was no reason that Warren could think of. The weapon surely belonged to Lowery; but it must have been in some one else's hands on this night. Who could it be?

Warren recalled that during all that fight in the car the fellow had not said one word. Evidently he feared his voice would betray him. His cry of dismay when Warren fell from the car also indicated that he did not wish to harm Warren, but merely wanted him out of the way.

"Jack was at the supper table with his mother when I left Enid on the porch," thought Warren. "He had on his good clothes, however, and I recall now that he was embarrassed when I asked where he was going. He might have left the house soon after I did, reached the depot, and crawled into that empty car before 37 pulled out. Yes, it might have been Jack. But was it? And what would he be up to?"

Warren could make nothing of the mystery. For a long time he puzzled over it. He forgot the rain that beat on the shingled roof. He forgot even the passing of time, and for over an hour he sat in that lonely, silent mill by the flickering candle and stared with knitted brows at Lowery's revolver. Suddenly it dawned on him that the rain had ceased. He looked at his watch. It was nine-thirty.

"I'll walk in to the Crossing," said he, as he arose and stretched his aching joints. "If I hurry I can catch the 9 and will get to Oakhurst yet."

At the door of the mill, Warren saw that the stars were beginning to peep over the edge of the passing clouds. The storm was over. Soon he was on his way down the tracks toward Black's Crossing. Just as he entered the yards he heard the whistle of the local passenger, No. 9, behind him. Another moment and he was caught in the gleam of 9's headlight.

At the mill, Warren had been so busy with his thoughts, and the candle had given such a feeble light, that he took little notice of his appearance. He now saw with dismay that besides being hatless, his clothes were torn and muddy and his hands were stained with blood.

Certainly he could not ride the cushions in that condition. There was only one other course. He took it. As 9 rumbled past, Warren swung onto the blind baggage and settled down for the ride to Oakhurst.

The train made a brief stop at Black's Crossing and then puffed noisily onward. West of the depot a short distance stood the lit[illegible]e re[illegible] section-house, dimly discernibl[illegible] faint light from the passing engine. [illegible]ust as the cab was directly opposite the section-house, however, the fireman opened his firedoor and the glow lit up the surroundings. Warren, sitting on the steps of the baggage car and facing the section-house, suddenly jumped to his feet and stared at what the light disclosed.

Standing under the eaves, with one white hand holding the collar of his black coat tightly under his white face, was the figure of a man. Caught in the bright glow from the firebox, the fellow paused a second, then turned and fled into the darkness at the rear of the section-house.

The unexpected appearance of the man at that lonely spot after the exciting events of the evening gave Warren quite a shock. What added to his astonishment, however, was the fact that there was something about the man's looks strangely familiar. It was not Jack Lowery, yet Warren was sure he had seen the man before. Was it the man who had attacked him? He was still debating the mystery when No. 9 rumbled into Oakhurst and came to a jolting stop by the depot.

Warren alighted on the opposite side and, avoiding the main street, made a wide detour. A few minutes later he quietly entered a modest rooming house, slipped unseen up the stairs and tapped lightly on a door. Receiving no answer, he opened the door, switched on the light and walked in.

He glanced quickly around the room. It was unoccupied. A suit of clothes lay on the foot of the bed, indicating that the owner had made a hurried departure. An alarm clock on the dresser ticked noisily. Warren's gaze wandered to the clock, then over the dresser, and finally rested on a yellow envelope. It was a company envelope like the one that had been thrust under the door of his room in Deems.

That, in itself, was nothing unusual, and at first Warren looked at the object disinterestedly. Across the face was written in a bold, railroad hand, "Mr. Harry Warren." Something about the handwriting aroused Warren's interest. He picked up the envelope and examined it. The letter had come thru the mails and was postmarked Deems. It had been opened.

"Why," said Warren to himself, "that looks very much like the writing on the note I got. Somebody must be writing to Harry, too. Wonder who it is."

He laid his brother's letter down on the dresser, drew up a chair, and took from his pocket the message which had sent him on that eventful trip to Oakhurst. Once more he extracted the note and read it.

"Better take a run up to Oakhurst tonight and look after your brother Harry. He's hitting the high spots again."

Evidently the man who had written this lived in Deems, for the message had been left at Warren's door. And the letter to Harry had been mailed in Deems. The writing on the two envelopes bore a noticeable similarity. Perhaps Harry's letter would give some clew to the writer. Warren stifled his conscience, picked up his brother's letter, drew out the bit of folded paper, and read:

"Black's Crossing. Wednesday night."

That was all. There was no date, no greeting, and no signature. Just those four words; but, as their full meaning dawned on Warren, he felt his hands grow icy cold.

"This is Wednesday night," he said slowly, "and it was my brother Harry I saw hiding at the section-house in Black's Crossing. What can it all mean? Harry cannot be there for any good purpose. Was he there to meet some one? And was that person the one who assaulted me in the car? Can Harry and Jack Lowery be meeting at Black's Crossing this wild night to carry out some evil plot? It is unbelievable, yet something is wrong."

For a long time Warren held the two notes before him and pondered the mystery. A step in the hallway brought him to his feet with a start. He thrust the notes into the envelopes, put one in his pocket, threw the other onto the dresser, and faced the door expectantly.

The footsteps passed by.

"That was foolish of me," thought Warren. "My brother is miles away. He won't be home for a long time; perhaps not tonight. I—I am afraid he is in trouble. I must go to him. Yes, I must find Harry."

Dazed and saddened, Warren turned off the light, closed the door of Harry's room behind him, and like a person in a nightmare stumbled out of the hotel and back toward the depot. Near the yards he paused in the shadows and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed abruptly, "I forgot to borrow a hat from Harry's room. Why didn't I think to clean up a bit? I look like an escaped convict, or more likely, a lunatic. Guess what I've gone thru this night has derailed my memory. Well, I won't take a chance on going back now. I'll hit the first train for the Crossing and see if I can flag Harry."

At twelve-fifteen, No. 8, eastbound passenger, rolled in. Warren climbed onto the blind baggage, sat down on the steps, braced one foot against the grip rod, turned his coat collar up to keep out the cinders, and was ready for the ride to the Crossing. When they were near the Crossing he abruptly sat erect, struck by a sudden thought.

"What a mutton-head I am tonight," he exclaimed. "This train does not stop at Black's Crossing. It doesn't even hesitate there. I'm due for a fast run clear to Deems."

Some time later Bob Warren climbed stiffly down from the head end of 8 at Deems and hurried out of the yards to his hotel. As he tiptoed down the hallway he was surprised to notice a light under his door. He stopped. He was certain he had not left a light burning.

Quietly he got to the door and cautiously turned the knob. There was no sound within the room. He swung the door open, and a surprised gasp escaped his lips.

Two men sat by the table. One was Herbert Decoto, the division superintendent. The other was Hiram Davis, the railroad detective. Both men sprang up at sight of Bob.

"Come in!" said the detective gruffly. "You're just the man we want to see."

---

## CHAPTER III.
## UNDER SUSPICION.

BOB WARREN did not know what to say. He stared blankly from one man to the other. He saw the detective slip his right hand into his hip pocket; but the night had been too full of startling things for that to cause him much alarm now.

"Come in, Bob," said Decoto, a bit sternly.

Warren stepped in and closed the door behind him.

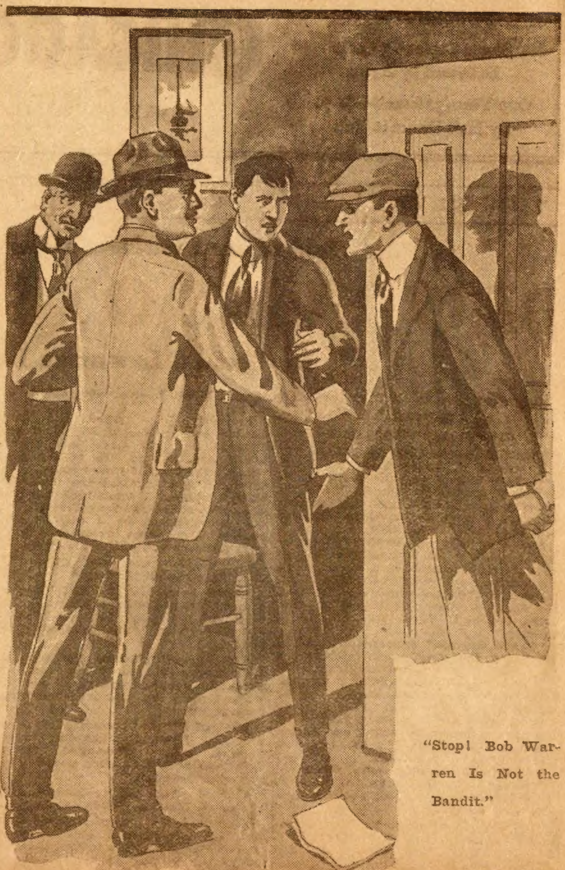
The detective came to Warren's side quickly. "Hold your mitts up a minute," he ordered.

"What does this mean?" Bob demanded.

"You'll find out soon enough," growled Davis, rapidly searching Warren's pockets. "Ah, I thought so!"

Davis drew out the revolver Warren had taken from the masked man in the

(Continued on Page 15.)



"Stop! Bob Warren Is Not the Bandit."

# The Regeneration of "Doc"

## By Harold Ward

Long turned embezzler for the woman he loved and had paid the price; and, tho she was unfaithful and he vowed vengeance, sympathy got the better of him.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A WILD winter gale swept down thru Clear Creek canyon, piling the snow in drifts mountain high around the little group of tar-papered buildings nestling at the foot of Old Baldy. But within the doctor's office at the end of the scraggy street, all was cozy and warm. The pineboarded room glowed with heat from the huge stove. The light danced and threw grotesque shadows on the wooden walls covered with cheap pictures clipped from newspapers. In a nearby box, a pile of wood, cut in short lengths, told of comfort yet to come. A big kerosene lamp on the littered table in the center lighted up the bottle-filled shelves and an old-fashioned cabinet loaded down with pills and vari-colored lotions. Beside the table in the easiest chair, his long legs stretched comfortably across another, feet close to the stove, sat the doctor, coatless and collarless, a man in the early forties, with tangled hair and matted beard prematurely touched with gray. The book he had been reading lay at his elbow; his pipe hung cold and lifeless between his teeth, its contents half smoked.

"Embezzler! Thief!"

Somehow he could not get out of his mind those nagging memories of long ago. The wind shouted the words as it howled and whistled around the corners; it shrieked them as it rattled the windows and shook the door. The past was dead. Why would it not stay buried? Vaguely, wraithlike, the thoughts persisted in drifting thru his brain, coming from nowhere, going nowhere, torturing him.

For James Long had broken the eighth commandment and paid the price. For love of a woman he had transgressed society's law.

The door opened. A man, muffled and frost-covered, entered in a tumultuous gale of wind and a whirl of snow. The lamp sputtered and smoked in the draught and almost went out before the stranger could close the door against the storm. For a second the newcomer stood facing the doctor, stamping his feet, his eyes blinking and flickering uncomfortably in the unaccustomed light. Then he shook the accumulation of snow from his Mackinaw and staggered across the room to the stove.

"God! What a night!" he muttered, hoarsely, as he dropped heavily into the chair the doctor had placed for him and tenderly rubbed his ears with chunks of snow from his boots. "Froze 'em," he said, apologetically.

Something familiar about the voice stirred the physician. He gazed intently at the visitor, straining his eyes to get a better view of the face hidden under the frost-rimmed fur cap. The stranger stirred uneasily. Then, as if suddenly remembering his errand, he turned quickly.

"You're the doctor, ain't you?"

Long nodded. That voice! He gripped the arms of his chair to control his emotion. But the other, noticing nothing, hurried on.

"Wife's sick. . . . Five miles up the mountain. . . . Going to have a baby. . . . Trail's too badly drifted for a horse. . . . Awful night to ask a man to go out, but——"

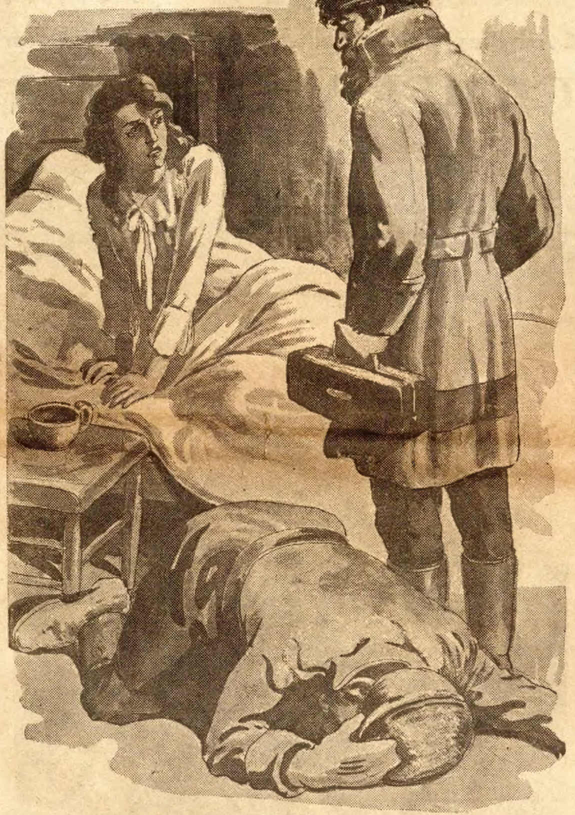
His voice trailed weakly into a whisper as he collapsed and slid slowly to the floor. The physical strain had been too great and his tired body had given away under it. Long leaped forward and caught the fainting man, easing him back into the chair. He lifted the cap and gazed intently into the coarse, hairy face. Denby! At last! Luck was with him after all these years. Denby here—unconscious! And the woman, way up there on the mountain, suffering—dying for want of care. D—n her! Let her suffer as she had made others suffer. He chuckled as he thought how his beard and graying hair had kept the other from recognizing him.

He must plan it all out carefully, this revenge of his. Professional instinct told him that there was plenty of time, for Denby would not recover consciousness for at least ten minutes. But he must work slowly and make no mistakes. It was always the little things that betrayed a man. Well, there would be no little things to prove his guilt. He felt himself twitching with excitement. Nerves. It would never do to make a fool of himself after waiting so long for his chance. A drink would clear his brain. He poured out a tumblerful of raw spirits and downed it at a gulp. The burning liquid leaped thru his veins like fire. Ah, his tingling nerves felt better now.

Holding himself in check, he crossed the room and felt the other's pulse. Denby stirred slightly. Preparing a mild opiate, Long forced it down the unconscious man's throat, stepping back for an instant to watch the action of the drug. Satisfied, he drew his chair to the table and lighted his pipe.

D—n the blizzard!

It was on such a night as this that he had left the prison. He recalled how he had rushed to the station after the great iron door clanged behind him. How slowly the train moved as it drew him closer and closer to his destination! Never had there been so many excuses for stops. The conductor said that it was the wind that kept the train from making up time. Home again! Even now his face ached and smarted with the memory of the storm that greeted him as he stepped off the car steps. There was nobody at the station to meet him, but how could he expect her to brave such weather? The air was filled with whirling snow; the tiny particles pelted his face like needles, almost blinding him. The cold was penetrating. But he struggled on, breasting the wind and the drifts, his neck drawn deep into the collar of the cheap coat they had given him upon his release, the thought of home and wife urging him onward.



"You!" She Gasped, Shrinking Back.

There was something lonely and unfamiliar about the house as he shuffled onto the porch and tapped timidly at the door. Somehow things didn't seem the same as he had pictured them during those long nights in the prison. A gulp, a dry sob of self-pity, escaped him as he thought of it. A strange face appeared in an upstairs window. In a blundering, country way he was told that she had gone—gone with a man he thought his friend.

Fool! Fool! It was plain enough now. He, a poor country practitioner, married to a vain, silly creature against the advice of friends and family—a woman as bright and beautiful as a butterfly in a garden of roses, and as restless in her fluttering from pleasure to pleasure. How he had loved her! For a year he had worked with might and main to satisfy her capricious whims, giving her all that was in him. And then, the cravings of her stunted soul not being gratified, he had succumbed to temptation. For her sake he had served his term—served it willingly and cheerfully—counting the days as they dragged slowly by, thinking that she would be waiting for him at the end.

The next few years were blanks. He tried to recall them. But, wraith-like, they refused to obey his summons. He only knew that he had gone to the bottom of the social scale and tasted the dregs of life. The experience left him angered at a bleak and soulless world. Every man's hand was turned against him. In a roundabout way he heard that she had secured a divorce and married the other man. He hoped so, for her sake at least. The news deadened the pain, but did not cure it. He whimpered unconsciously as he attempted to visualize the months that followed. Finally, a whisky-soaked wreck, his heart filled with vain regret, he had drifted West and, under an assumed name, secured a place as timekeeper and physician of the mining camp here at the foot of Old Baldy. The bleak desolateness of the place seemed to be on a par with his own temperament. Here he could fight out his battle and live down the past, his medical certificate the only link that connected him with other days. Here no one asked questions. Names and pedigrees cut no figure and a man cashed in at his face value. To the rough men and women of the camp to whose wants he ministered he was merely "Doc."

Coward? Of course he was. None realized it better. Yet many a man has gone down and out for less. If he could only forget! Nights like this, when the wind howled and snarled and the snow piled up in drifts, always stirred up the fires of his memory and fanned anew his hate. D—n them both!

Fate, as she moved her pawns from square to square, had shown him their whereabouts. Only a few days before he had learned that the lonely prospector far up the rocky trail was the man he had sworn to kill; that the slatternly creature in greasy, ragged calico was the woman for whom he had served a term in hell. Vaguely he wondered how they had fallen from their high estate. He had had no opportunity to investigate nor to plan his revenge. He had known all thru the sub-conscious past that some time he would meet them. After all, the world is a small place and—now the storm had come to his assistance.

He turned towards the unconscious man, hesitating—frightened at what he was about to do. His heart thumped madly. A thrill crept over him, a sensation that all the years of his wasted life had never known before. The silence was ominous. The wind seemed to be holding its breath as if to listen; then it tried the shutters and doors, rattling them with heavy hand. The wooden walls groaned and creaked. The noise startled him. He leaped back, looking about for a possible witness. Bah, nerves! With catlike stealth he crept across the room to the cabinet.

His glance fell upon the case of instruments. With a cry of joy, he pounced upon his little hypodermic syringe. Just the thing! All that was required was a tiny puncture of a vein and the injection of a bubble or two of air. The minute the bubble touched the heart—death! He was too far away from other physicians to fear an investigation, and besides, who would think of such a thing? Naturally, there would be some sort of blundering inquest by a stupid coroner's jury. He would tell them a natural story, how this stranger had staggered in on the wings of the storm, asking for medical assistance. Heart failure would be the verdict. And the woman! She would be up there in her lonely cabin on the side of the mountain, shut off from all help, suffering, dying all alone. God! How she would suffer before death came to her relief! She, too, would have thoughts; he wondered if they would be of him or the man who had taken his place. Probably she would call his name over and over again—women always think of their first love when they are dying—not knowing that he was the man responsible for the tragedy.

He was alert and fearless, the experienced physician now, as he crept forward and slowly, carefully, noiselessly pulled up the unconscious man's sleeve. Pinching the firm flesh between thumb and finger, he prepared to inject the needle.

Denby stirred uneasily and half opened his eyes. Long bent over him to catch the whispered words:

"Got t' go, Doc. Wife—sick."

He slumped back into his stupor again. Once more the sharp point was pressed against the skin. The plunger was about to be forced home.

"Going—have—baby."

Long hesitated for a second, his eyes staring into vacancy. Then, with a snarl like that of a wild animal frightened from its prey, he hurled the needle across the room. It struck the wall and splintered into a hundred pieces.

The baby! D—n the baby! He hadn't thought of the baby. Of course it was their flesh and blood, but it was innocent. Why had the vision of the baby come to torture him, to keep him from his revenge? She had never cared for babies in those other days.

He seized the stupefied man by the shoulders and shook him roughly. Denby groaned, then opened his eyes and blinked owlishly. Hastily the doctor forced a few drops of brandy between his swollen lips. Denby coughed and strangled as the burning liquid trickled down his throat. He stared vaguely about him and seemed about to relapse into his stupor. With all the means at his command, Long fought to revive him. His efforts were finally rewarded. Denby sat up with a start, the light of reason in his eyes. Another huge gulp of brandy and he arose, unsteadily.

Long was already hurling a miscellaneous assortment of instruments and bottles into his battered leather satchel; incasing his feet in the heavy felt boots of the West; enveloping his gaunt frame in Mackinaw, his head in a huge fur cap. Grabbing Denby roughly by the shoulders, he forced him to the door and out into the storm. The wind howled and shrieked as it met them, filling the room with whirling clouds of snow, extinguishing the lamp with the impetuosity of its charge. Denby slipped to his knees as its force struck them; the hand of Long on his shoulders jerked him to his feet. Then the night engulfed them.

The journey up the mountain was a nightmare. The wind had risen. They slipped and slid along the glazed trail, wallowing at times in drifts waist deep. The air was filled with snow as fine and sharp as sand; it half blinded them, filling their eyes with tears of pain. There was no moon, no stars, nothing but that enveloping cloud of white. A pace or two to the side meant a fall over the precipice. Yet they struggled on, keeping the path by instinct. Half a dozen times Denby, weakened by his trip down the mountain, stumbled and fell, unable to force his way thru the heavy mass of snow. The last time he refused to rise, dropping into the slumber of exhaustion which means death in the blizzard. Long shook him, kicked him, cuffed him, cursed him until he arose, angrily and unsteadily, and struggled on. Despite his hate the doctor realized that his companion was putting forward every ounce of his reserve strength. The last half mile was worse than all the rest. Denby, all sense of feeling gone, half frozen, floundered along in a daze, keeping his feet only because the other's will predominated, because Long half dragged him, beat him, forced him thru the drifts.

A stray gust, whirling down from among the black pinnacles and peaks, cleared the air for an instant. Just ahead a thread of light blinked out thru the darkness, then disappeared. Long gained his bearings, then, his body leaning against the storm, dragging his whimpering, half-frozen companion by the arm, made for it. He brought up against the side of the cabin with a bump. Feeling his way along the wall with his shoulder, he passed the window and found the door.

A single glance at the woman lying under the blankets of the rude bed, her worn face twisted and drawn with pain, told him that he had arrived in time. But every second meant a life—possibly two. Letting Denby slump forward in a heap on the floor, he hurled himself at the stove, heaping wood on the few live coals that remained. Forgetting the tingling pains in feet and hands, his cheeks turning white as the warmth brought out the frost, he shrugged out of his ice-coated outer garments and turned towards the woman. Despite his changed appearance, despite the touches that years of debauchery and shame had given his face, she recognized him.

"You?" she gasped, shrinking back, trembling, against the wall, one hand clutching the bosom of her faded nightdress.

Long made no reply, but continued his methodical preparations, the woman's hollow eyes following him, filled with wonder and fear. He warmed his hands at the fire, rubbing the palms together to restore circulation, then addressed her for the first time.

"Dish pan! Hot water?" he demanded, gruffly.

She nodded weakly toward the rude shelf on which were placed, in disorderly array, the meager store of pots and pans. His fingers numb with pain, he opened his satchel and applied the relief-giving chloroform. Then, with sleeves rolled to elbows, he applied himself to the work of restoring the man on the floor.

Dawn! On the bed the woman slept peacefully, the babe cuddled by her side. In the battered stove the fire blazed merrily, filling the room with its warmth. Long, past all sensation now, sodden, heavy-eyed, was drawing on his coat when Denby awoke. The blizzard still howled and shrieked outside the cabin, filling all the world with its fury.

"Medicine on the table. Directions all written out. Keep her warm and give her plenty of hot soup and gruel for a few days. She'll understand what to do," Long informed him gruffly, as he struggled into his Mackinaw and buckled on his rubbers over his felt boots.

"But, Doc," expostulated Denby, stirring himself into a sitting position and blinking his sleep-heavy eyes, "you can't go back in this storm. You must lie down and rest. I'm all right now and——"

He stopped suddenly, his jaw dropping, his eyes bulging out with fear. "Jim!" he whispered, hoarsely, drawing back into the corner as if fearful of a blow. Unconsciously, his glance strayed toward the bed. Long, interpreting his look, smiled sarcastically.

"Don't worry, Bill," he grunted, bending over a stubborn buckle. "She's safe enough now, and so is the youngster. For the first time in your worthless life you showed a streak of manhood. It saved your life and the others', too. I suppose I'm a fool to let my chance go by. But I—well, she's had hell enough living with a skunk like you. Death after what she's gone thru with you would be a relief rather than a punishment!"

"But, Jim——"

"Shut up, d—n you!" The doctor's bony fists clinched until the sharp nails tore into his palms. "Professional ethics cover a case like yours and every time you speak you make me forget that I was once a respectable practitioner."

Denby sat with bowed head while the other finished his preparations against the storm and moved toward the door. Then he arose suddenly, groaning with frost pains, his hand outstretched toward the other.

"Jim, for the sake of other days, won't you give me your hand?"

With a shrug of his gaunt shoulders, Long brushed aside the other's arm. "Treat her as—as she expected to be treated when you stole her from me, Bill. Bring back that old smile on her face and—maybe, some time, I'll shake with you. But not now." He stopped on the threshold, turning his cap down about his ears.

"But, Jim, I've got to thank you. She'd want me to and——"

For a second Long seemed to struggle with himself. Then, with a muttered "Oh, go to the devil!" he slammed the door and disappeared in the storm.

### *It's Not All Play Acting Sometimes in the Movie Star's Life*

# THE CAMERA GIRL

## By Ralph Cummins

[Copyright 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

JANE TAYLOR, the nerviest star in pictures, had always seemed perfectly normal and level-headed, but appearances were against her the morning she staggered across the stage with a $95 department store camera on her shoulder and announced that she was going to take up moving picture photography. She was serious about it, and every day of her two weeks' layoff between pictures found our little star out on the stage, measuring distance, squinting thru the finder, making countless little tests and grinding half her salary thru the machine.

I thought Jane would put her hobby out to pasture when we started the new picture, but she was right there tinkering with her camera when I reached the studio that morning. Bob Reynolds, her leading man, was sprawled on a parallel, his homely face hidden in a book.

"How's the camera, Jane?" I asked.

"Just fine, Tom. I made a little test yesterday that Homer said was perfect. But I do waste a lot of film," she sighed.

"Isn't she the bug on that camera stuff?" put in Reynolds. "It's funny—some women'll raise goats, and others'll collect fool things, and the real smart ones will learn to take a car apart. But here's a brave lady who buys a camera and swears she'll run the blame thing if it takes all summer."

"I wouldn't say anything about fads," retorted Jane, with a mischievous smile. "Let me tell you what he's doing, Tom. He asked Mr. Scott if there were any stunts in this picture, and when he learned that a dummy would double him in the only thrill scene, he ransacked the prop room library and found that book. Now what do you think of that for a hobby—studying the art of facial expression?"

Of course I had to laugh with Jane, but it was funny of itself. Reynolds was a heavy-limbed mountaineer, who had spent his whole life, until Andy Scott discovered him, in the wild excitement of mining camps and strenuous back country. Andy brought him home from a hunting trip, a big, bashful kid, but the raw mountaineer had a nerve that soon made him a popular screen hero. He wasn't much of an actor, but he had a plunging way of throwing himself into dangerous stunts that got by fine. So I had to laugh to see our dare-devil studying dramatic fine points, altho I had a hunch that his sudden ambition to become a sure-enough actor was inspired solely by the hazel eyes of little Jane Taylor.

As I chuckled at the incongruity, I heard the sharp voice of Andy Scott, my chief, arguing with the new technical director.

"Andy's sure sore at that new man," said Bob. "They've been fighting ever since Hyde came."

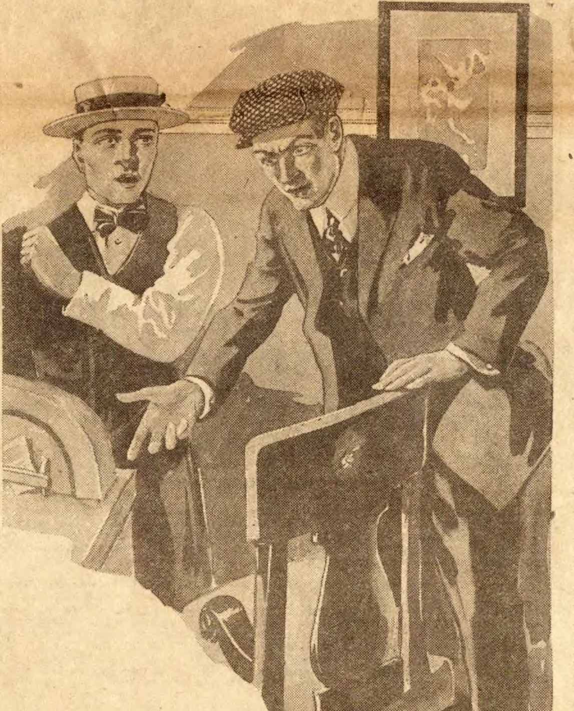
"Yes," I agreed, "but Scott doesn't mean anything. He just don't like Hyde's up-stage stuff."

"Well, I don't care how much they scrap," sighed Reynolds, "just so I don't have no fool stunts in this picture. I—I want to do some reading."

"Yes," put in Jane, "I'm glad that this picture has a story to carry it, so we won't have to dig in so hard. I need the time to practice with my camera. Mr. Scott says I may shoot the scenes when I'm not working, and Homer is going to teach me all about the machinery of my camera, and about light, and—things."

Just then Scott came up with Frank Hyde, the new technical director. Hyde was a tall, very thin and very nervous man, with a small, dark face, heavy lips, and hard black eyes that appeared unusually large. Nobody liked him, but he was an expert at his job. He could build sets that just breathed reality, and when it came to stunt mechanics, he was a wizard. He could take a tangle of ropes and blocks and wires and perform miracles. His first work with us was to rig up an aerial arrangement for a flying effect that was the best thing of its kind I ever saw.

Andy Scott was the greatest director in pictures. I knew, for I was his assistant. He was a slim, lean-faced little fellow, with all kinds of nervous energy and a bad habit of frankly speaking his mind when things went wrong. He had directed Jane Taylor for three years. It was plain to everybody around the studio that he wanted the job for life, and that his prospects were good for landing the contract.



"If I Had Been in That Chair, It Would Have Gone Right Between My Shoulders."

As Scott and the new man approached, Jimmie Larson, the carpenter foreman, rushed up with a sketch in his hand. Jimmie was a short, thick-set little Swede, with a round, red face and a temper that boiled easily.

"Say, Mr. Hyde," grumbled the foreman, "I can't hold that balcony up with wires. Can't I use posts under it?"

Andy Scott was a busy man and he was nervous. "No!" he snapped, without waiting for Hyde to reply. "You can't use posts. The wall is supposed to be heavy stone construction, and the balcony would be tied into it."

"The plan says hold it up with wire," growled Jimmie, "but it can't be done."

"Don't tell me you can't use wires," sneered Hyde, snatching the paper. "I didn't detail it because I thought you knew how to build a simple thing like that. Here"—he rapidly sketched an illustration on the back of the plan—"you set a jack back of the wall like this, then you run a wire from each outer corner of the balcony, up over the jack, down to the stage, and anchor the wires around a joist." Without another word, he poked the sketch at Jimmie and walked away.

The foreman looked after Hyde, shrugged his shoulders angrily, and started back across the stage.

"That fellow Hyde ruffles me all over," snorted Andy. "I'm not very sunny this morning, anyway. I just had a row with Chung and fired him. Blame fool! Best driver and mechanician I ever had, even if he is a Chinaman. But he got so he thought he owned the car. He threw a regular Oriental fit when I told him to get out; seemed to think he had a mortgage on the job." The director chuckled. "First time I ever saw him mad. Whew! How he did cuss me!"

"I wouldn't want him sore at me," I shivered, as I pictured Chung's round, flat face, with its perpetual sneering grin.

I came early next morning, for I had a bunch of extras to look after, but Jane was already out exercising her hobby. She was perched on a stool before her camera, peering at the dials and consulting a maze of figures on a pad.

"I'm learning how to stop down my lens," she informed me gravely.

Just as Andy Scott and I met at the director's door, Jimmie Larson ran up.

"Say," mumbled the foreman, "we tried to hang that balcony with wires and it fell and smashed all up. We—it'll take another day to fix it up."

I looked across the stage to where thirty extras waited to work in that set. Then I glanced at Andy's grim face and wondered if the explosion would miss me.

"'Tain't my fault," growled Larson. "That Hyde——"

"Shut up!" roared Scott, and sent for the technical director. When the two stood before him he turned loose.

"What you fools think this is—a kindergarten, or something? A day's delay, and my schedule all shot to blazes! You fellows remind me of a stale joke. Bah!"

He stamped into his office leaving two white-faced men glaring after him. Hyde walked quietly away, but Jimmie danced up and down and raved.

"I won't stand for that kind of a deal!" he stormed. "It wasn't my fault. That Hyde——" he raced back toward the carpenter shop waving his arms and rumbling threats.

Late that afternoon Bob and I met Hyde on the stage and I stopped the technical man to inquire how the balcony job was progressing. Hyde was still mad.

"I'm not used to being called like that," he whined. "And I wasn't to blame at all."

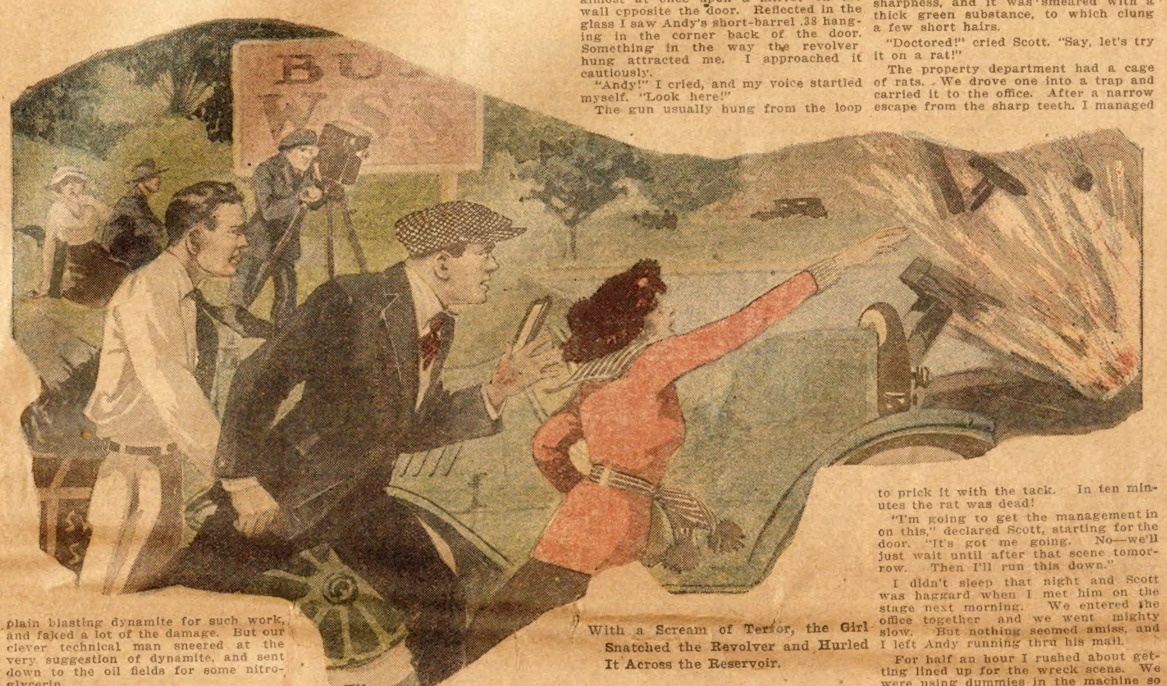
"Aw," laughed Bob, "that's nothing. Andy bawls us all out. He don't mean anything."

"See here, Hyde," I explained, "the idea is that excuses don't go with Scott. You and Jimmie better pull together or you're apt to strike hard times."

Next day it looked as tho they had decided to work together. Hyde evidently was prepared to overlook the trouble, for I saw him go out of his way to ask the director's opinion about some trivial matter. Jimmie was a little glum, but he spent all the morning going over set plans with Hyde. Scott was too busy to think of a mishap that was past. Besides, he had a grievance against the manager. Brittain had hired Chung, Scott's discharged chauffeur, to drive one of the company cars, and Andy took the action as a personal affront.

So the foreman and the new technical director settled down and began turning out the best sets we ever had. The clever designs were Hyde's, and while his overbearing conceit made him unpopular he got effects that made Andy line up on his side. "He's a nut," the director would say, "but he's getting the stuff."

Scott was right about Hyde getting the effects. For instance, we had a burglary scene in which a safe had to be blown open. We had always used plain blasting dynamite for such work, and faked a lot of the damage. But our clever technical man sneered at the very suggestion of dynamite, and sent down to the oil fields for some nitroglycerin.



With a Scream of Terror, the Girl Snatched the Revolver and Hurled It Across the Reservoir.

He used about half the contents of the vial, and altho we shot it away down in the back lot, we nearly wrecked the studio. But we got a great scene. Of course, the supercilious Hyde took all the credit and strutted around with the half empty bottle in his hand until I was nervous enough to run.

"Better shoot the rest of that stuff," suggested Scott. "It's too dangerous to keep around."

"Oh, no," objected Hyde. "We may need it. I'll just label the bottle and stick it in that chemical cabinet in the vault!"

He pasted one of the red "caution" film box stickers on the bottle. Then he called Chung, who had been an interested spectator, and had the driver put the stuff in the vault.

And the vial went there all right, for I often saw that label staring at me when I went to the cabinet. I always stepped softly, too, and had a mighty uncomfortable feeling until I had placed the concrete laboratory between me and the little bottle.

A week of uneventful picture-making passed. Jane put in every spare minute practicing with her camera. Bob Reynolds found a new book on dramatic art, and applied himself diligently, except when he was carrying tne star's camera around. Scott was deep in his picture, but he found time to cast many worried glances at Jane and Bob, as they worked with the hobby camera, or loafed together between scenes. I began to wonder if my chief was due to lose the reward of his faithful devotion.

But after a week of smooth-running efficiency, trouble broke out again. As we were crossing the street to shoot a hall set, Hyde stopped us.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Scott, but there was a misunderstanding about the backing, and it's not ready."

It didn't take much urging to induce Hyde to tell of the misunderstanding.

"You remember," he explained to Scott, "that you asked for that backing after you had given me an O. K. on the sketch. I ordered the backing verbally, but Larson hasn't built it because I didn't specify it on the written order."

Scott had often expressed decided views regarding departments bucking each other. He sent for Larson.

"How about this backing?" he demanded.

"No backing on my order," declared Jimmie.

"Didn't Hyde tell you to build a backing to match the set?"

"Oh, I can't remember all that nutty fool says. There was plenty of room on the order for him to write it."

"Now, see here, Larson," flared the director, "I'm tired of this alibi stuff. I won't have any more of it. We're here to make pictures. If you can't work with Hyde—well, you get busy on that backing."

Jimmie walked away mumbling. I followed Scott into his office to help him figure out a few location shots that we could get while the backing was being built. As usual, Andy's chair was occupied by the yellow prop room cat. The director lifted the cat out of the chair, and had just seated himself when Jimmie Larson appeared at the door.

"Say, Scott, I don't like the way you jumped on me just now."

"That's all right, Larson," returned Andy coldly.

"Well, you needn't talk that way. You ain't giving me a square deal, siding with that new man."

"Here!" warned the director. "You better go easy. I'm not favoring anybody, but I'm running this company, and I'm pretty sick of your baby actions. If you think it'll help, put in a requisition for a baby buggy and a teething ring."

"You—you don't dare come out in the back lot and bawl me that way!" screamed Jimmy.

"That so!" raged Andy, shoving back his chair. "I haven't lost any back lot! You beat it!"

The little foreman crouched, and for a moment I thought he was going to spring upon Scott. Then he swallowed, turned slowly and shuffled toward the shop.

"His kid antics do get on my nerves," muttered Andy. "I've a notion to have Brittain fire him." He dropped into his chair and slammed his script around. "I seem to be getting it from all sides. I jumped Brittain this morning for hiring that Chink after I had fired him, and the Old Man just laughed at me and said I was a fool for losing such a good man."

I knew that he had another worry—one that he couldn't mention. It was caused by the growing friendliness between Jane Taylor and her big, happy-go-lucky leading man.

Bob went with us on location next morning, but Jane was not needed, so she remained at the studio. She was pleased, for the laboratory man was teaching her to develop her tests.

When we returned to the studio at noon Bob and I entered the lot together, with the director stumbling along behind making notes on his script. Jane ran to meet us with a little strip of negative. Bob and I stopped, but Scott walked on to his office. Reynolds examined the piece of film, smiling at the star's flushed eagerness.

"There's a little static!" sighed Jane.

"Static, your grandmother!" gibed Bob. "You were so much out of focus that you can't tell whether it's a set or a mountain."

Laughing gayly, they raced across the stage toward the dressing-rooms.

Just as I reached Andy's door a sharp explosion rang from within the office. Startled, I threw open the door and dashed in.

Scott was standing beside his desk with the telephone receiver in his hand. He was looking down at a jagged hole in the oak back of his chair.

"Come in, Tom," he muttered, "and close the door." He probed the hole in the chair-back with his finger. "Bullet!" he stated crisply. "If I'd been in that chair it would have got me right between the shoulders."

With a weak sinking in my stomach I looked about the room. My gaze fell almost at once upon a mirror on the wall opposite the door. Reflected in the glass I saw Andy's short-barrel .38 hanging in the corner back of the door. Something in the way the revolver hung attracted me. I approached it cautiously.

"Andy!" I cried, and my voice startled myself. "Look here!"

The gun usually hung from the loop of the beltless holster. It required but a glance to see that it was now tied to the hook. The second glance showed that it pointed directly at the back of the chair, and that there was a ragged hole in the muzzle end of the leather holster. The examination that followed disclosed a tiny wire running from the telephone hook, in a roundabout way thru a number of small staples, to the trigger of the gun.

"Yes," sputtered Andy, reading the thought in my frightened eyes, "it's the same kind of wire Jimmie used in that double exposure the other day."

I called the janitor, but our jolly Irishman had seen no one enter Scott's room, and he was sure Larson had not been across the street all morning.

"Let's keep it quiet," suggested Andy, "and just keep our eyes open."

So we cut the strings, took up the wire, unloaded the gun, and hung it back by the holster loop. Then we went out to a lunch we could not eat, and hurried back on location.

That afternoon we worked on the scenes that led up to a joy-ride spill. We shot numerous flashes of Bob and his rollicking companions in the speeding car that was to figure in the wreck next day.

For that final scene we were building a breakaway bridge over a concrete cut in the San Fernando Valley. Using the reservoir was another of Hyde's schemes, and it was a good one, for the work could be done in the dry, and the water pumped in afterward.

We stopped at the bridge location on our way home that night. Jimmie was putting the last nails into the carpenter work, and Hyde was stringing a wire from a supporting post, thru a maze of little pulleys, to a point above where the ill-fated machine would hit it.

Upon our return to the studio I asked the timekeeker if Jimmie had been out all day.

"He came in to lunch about two with Hyde," replied the man behind the clock. "They went right out again."

We took it mighty easy going into Scott's office. I unlatched the door and pushed it open with a long curtain pole. Nothing happened. So I looked at the gun by way of the mirror. It hung just as we had placed it.

"Guess the old shop isn't loaded this time," decided Andy with a relieved sigh. "Here, Kit, get out of that chair, I'll have to get a screen put on that window to keep this blame cat out. Get out cat! Here—what the devil! The cat's dead!"

I peered over his shoulder as he poked the cat's stiff body. She surely was dead.

"Say!" exclaimed Scott. "This place is hoodooed."

He lifted the body in his hands and turned it over. I heard a little click as something dropped on the floor. I got down on my knees and after quite a search I found a tiny tack. I picked it up gingerly, laid it on the desk and examined it.

It was a very small tack, such as our plasterers used for fastening burlap. The point had been filed to a needle sharpness, and it was smeared with a thick green substance, to which clung a few short hairs.

"Doctored!" cried Scott. "Say, let's try it on a rat!"

The property department had a cage of rats. We drove one into a trap and carried it to the office. After a narrow escape from the sharp teeth. I managed to prick it with the tack. In ten minutes the rat was dead!

"I'm going to get the management in on this," declared Scott, starting for the door. "It's got me going. No—we'll just wait until after that scene tomorrow. Then I'll run this down."

I didn't sleep that night and Scott was haggard when I met him on the stage next morning. We entered the office together and we went mighty slow. But nothing seemed amiss, and I left Andy running thru his mail.

For half an hour I rushed about getting lined up for the wreck scene. We were using dummies in the machine so it wasn't necessary for Bob to go out, but Jane wanted to shoot the wreck with her hobby camera, so she had asked her leading man to go with her in her green speed bug. She had discovered that the little camera was pretty heavy to lug around on location.

I stumbled upon Jane working with her camera on a partly-struck set just opposite the director's door.

"I shot a few feet of Mr. Scott's door just before he came," she told me. "See —Homer showed me how to get this mat effect."

She called my attention to how she was shooting thru a tiny black hole in a black cloth hung over a window in the set. But I didn't notice. I was too nearly a nervous wreck to know what I was doing. Before I realized it I had blurted out to Jane a hint of our trouble. I had to follow that up with a panicky account of the shot from the set gun, and the poisoned tack. I had just time to see a look of horror growing on the girl's face, when Andy hustled from his office.

"Let's go;" he was shouting. "What we waiting for?"

"Oh!" cried Jane. "I'm not ready. I can't go until I develop this test." She called across the stage to Reynolds: "Bob, you go out with the company and I'll come as soon as I can. And here—take the camera out to my car."

With the magazine in her hand she ran into the dark room. Reynolds slipped the camera from its tripod, and, as I loaded my people into the machines, I saw him place the camera in the seat of Jane's long green roadster.

"Get my gun, will you, Tom?" called Andy, and I ran back for it.

I noticed that the revolver hung by the loop just as we had left it the day before, but I wasn't taking any chances, and reached for it very cautiously. Then I relaxed and jerked it off the hook, for I saw that Andy must have had it down that morning to oil it, for there was a dampness around the bullet hole in the end of the holster. He must have soaked it, too, for there was a wet splotch on the floor under the gun. I pulled the revolver out to see if he had loaded it. He had, for back in the cylinder I could see the wads of the blank cartridges.

While Scott was slipping his trousers' belt thru the loop of the holster, Hyde rushed up and asked if there was room for him in one of the cars.

"Sure," invited Andy, "right in here with us."

But the technical man gave Scott a sour look and climbed into another car. Andy did not notice that move, tho, for just then he discovered that his old driver, Chung, was at the wheel of our car. The director muttered an angry exclamation, and, as if he heard and wanted to rub it in, Chung flashed his creepy grin back at us.

"Jimmie's sick," announced the carpenter, who was going out with us. "Said he was going right home. He looks pretty bad."

The reservoir was not full when we arrived at the bridge, and the prop boys had not provided enough foliage for backing, so we were delayed. I remarked to Bob that it was a good thing we were held up, otherwise Jane would not get there in time to get her shot of the wreck.

At last, however, we were ready. The old car, that was doped up to look like a five thousand dollar machine, was loaded with its lifeless joy riders, and set, with lashed steering wheel, on a little rise beyond the bridge. But just as Andy prepared to fire the signal shot he caught sight of a very busy stretch of boulevard in the background.

"Hey, Tom!" he called. "Take the flivver and somebody to help and run up there and hold those machines while we shoot."

Bob volunteered to go along, and we coaxed the old prop car up the bumpy branch road. Reynolds took his station at the point where our route hit the boulevard, but I had to drive on up the little hill to catch the machines coming from toward town. I had reached my place and was diplomatically arguing with an irate motorist when I remembered Jane's non-appearance. Even as I looked for her up the black ribbon of boulevard, I listened to hear the crack of Andy's gun. I did not hear the signal, but far up the road I saw a tiny green speck.

"Too late," I muttered, "she's just in time to miss it. She'll be sore." My eyes left the road as I raised my hand to halt another machine.

Then I glanced again at the distant green car. It was a mile nearer and something about its blurred appearance made me cock my ear that way. Upon a wave of the clear morning air there came to me the crash of a thundering exhaust. Again I looked. I had seen that long roadster before, and now, as it leaped around a big car, I read in its swaying lurch a ninety-mile speed. Of a sudden I heard above the engine's popping roar, the continuous wail of an ear-wrecking siren.

Then the green car was upon me with a squealing of brakes and cracking explosions of gas, and I saw Jane's white face behind the wheel. There was a pleading in her beckoning hand that I did not wait to read. I hurled myself at the running board, nearly jerking my arms out as I gripped the seat. Hardly had I gained a balance when her foot stamped the throttle and we were dashing on. Jane leaned toward me.

"We got to stop 'em!" she shouted.

"Where?"

Reynolds' great form loomed before us, and the branch road beside him answered Jane's question. The shrieking horn blared a warning.

Bob stood in stiff surprise, but as the brakes groaned again he jumped aside and crouched. And when the nerve-shattering turn was behind and we were bumping down the rocky road I opened my eyes to see the big mountaineer in the squatty little seat beside the star. Above the car's clatter I heard his boyish yell.

"Go to it, Jane! What yuh pokin' for? Step on it, girl, step on it!"

I wanted to drop off, but there was only a flash of jumbled rocks to fall upon. As we bounced down the hill I caught a glimpse ahead of the bridge, the loaded automobile beyond, and the group around the cameras. I even saw Andy Scott, his gun in hand, standing on a rock.

With a sudden sickness I realized that Jane was going to drive across the bridge. Again I looked in vain for a place to jump, for I remembered the trip-wire across that center span.

I saw Bob grip the seat and I heard his wild, triumphant bellow. The crowd ran forward gesticulating. Then we hit the plank approach and jounced into the air, and the wooden frame rattled under us. I felt a quiver as we struck the wire trip, and I sensed a sinking of the wheels. But we were racing away from the breaking point, and the car's great momentum carried it over.

We just made it, however, and the machine was barely moving when we left the bridge. Behind us the breakaway span fell with a mighty splash.

"Whoopee!" yelled Reynolds. "How's that, folks?" The big kid jumped out, ran around the car, and lifted the limp girl from her seat. "Say," he laughed, "you're sure some driver Jane. But—but what's the big idea?"

Jane shook herself from him and gazed about with wide frightened eyes. She saw Andy Scott striding across from his rock platform, swinging his gun at his side. With a scream of terror, the girl darted up to him, snatched the revolver from his hand and hurled it across the reservoir.

I didn't see whether the gun landed upon the bank or upon the sloping concrete of the farther side. I only know that Jane's action was followed by a cannon-crash that nearly deafened me. A shower of hail-like rocks pelted upon us. I saw a dust-cloud rise from the far wall of the reservoir; splinters from the bridge beams fell upon the water.

Andy Scott was the first to recover from the near-panic that reigned. He knelt beside the slumped little figure of the star. She had not fainted. As he raised her head, her eyes opened and she started up.

"Oh!" she cried. "You're safe! Was any one hurt?"

Andy shook his head reassuringly and helped Jane to her feet.

"Well," demanded Reynolds, "what you trying to pull off, Jane? What's the idea of this bomb effect, anyway?"

The star shuddered, and shrunk closer to Andy, and her fear-filled eyes searched thru the surrounding group.

"The shells in that gun—were loaded —with nitroglycerin!"

Scott looked hard at her for a moment, then his jaws clamped together and his gaze traveled to the dust-pall across the reservoir.

"Well, that's the limit! That makes three times somebody has tried to get me." He glanced sharply at Hyde. "There aren't many around here who would know how to work that stunt."

"Jimmie Larson!" flashed Bob. "He's just crazy enough for such a fool racket."

Jane did not notice their suspicions. She eased herself down upon a rock and started to explain.

"I was shooting at the sign on your door, Andy, thru a little hole in a black cloth. Just as I took a last peek thru my finder, I saw a man come up to the door. He carried something in his hand, but I paid no attention to that, for I saw my big chance to make a test of an unusually colored face—I'd been wondering how it would photograph. I cranked as the door opened, and I kept grinding until I heard the door close and footsteps hurry across the stage.

"I had often seen him go into Andy's room, so I didn't think a thing about it until I developed. But when I came to examine the negative with a glass, I found that I had picked up your mirror, and in it I saw my man hang your revolver on the hook behind the door. As he came out I got my view of his face. He—he doesn't photograph well without make-up."

Andy glanced at Hyde, and I saw Bob look anxiously at the line of automobiles.

"That was queer," continued Jane—"his having your gun—after what Tom had just told me of the murderous attempts. My first thought was to find him and ask what he was doing with that gun. I didn't find him, but"—she shivered—"but where he usually held out, I found a box of blank shells, and beside it on the bench, a little pile of black powder, and—right there—with the shells and the powder—was an empty bottle with a label that I remembered. It was that little nitroglycerin bottle of Hyde's.

"I ran back to your office. The gun was gone. On the floor under the hook I noticed a damp spot. I guess—I didn't think at all after that—I just ran for my car."

"Come on!" cried Bob. "Let's hustle back to town and get him!"

"Hyde!" snapped Andy. "You——"

He was interrupted by the frantic shouts of a bunch of prop boys and grips who had run to explore the scene of the explosion. We all hurried over to them. In a little box-like hole containing the water-valve, was huddled the battered form of Chung, the Chinese driver. He was nearly buried under rocks and sand, and my first glance told me that he was dead.

"Too bad!" muttered Scott. "I saw him sneaking around here. He's a bug on automobile stunts—he wanted to get a close-up of the wreck." He drew the trembling girl into his arms. "I'm sorry, Jane, but don't feel bad about it. It was an accident."

Jane wriggled herself loose and looked up at Andy, a hard little frown driving the fear from her face.

"Sorry for killing that! I should say not!"

For an instant Andy stared at her then the answer came to him.

"It was Chung!" he cried; then as Jane nodded—"Poor devil, he swore he'd get me but I never took his threats seriously."

"I'm sorry I spoilt your scene, Andy," faltered Jane. "I didn't need to drive across the bridge. I guess I got rattled."

"There will be scenes and scenes," said Andy, his voice rather husky, "but I never expect to see as brave an act again. Sometime I'll try to tell you how I feel about it. Just now——"

I caught just a flash of the glance with which Jane interrupted him, but that flash was enough. The glorified look on Andy's face told me that he, too, had read it aright.

"Only thing," said Jane hurriedly, intent on changing the subject, "when I passed a machine down near Van Nuys, my camera jumped out. And—" she was nearly crying—"I just saw wheels and things flying all over the road."

"Well," spoke up Homer, the camera man, as he carried his magazine over to its black case, "I shouldn't wonder if maybe the company could afford to get you a new camera."

Scott gasped.

"Say, Homer, you don't mean you got that run?"

"Run? I got the whole business—right from the boulevard down—run, falling bridge, Jane throwing the gun, explosion —the whole works—hundred and thirty feet! You got the punch of a picture right there!" He carefully closed his magazine case. "But it'll cost the company one real camera—and"—fumbling thru his pockets—"and one cigarette."

With a brave effort to grin cheerfully, Bob Reynolds came thru with the cigarette. But Andy Scott shook his head decidedly.

"She'll get the camera all right," he said, "but that shot is too precious to go on the screen. I'd like to keep it, tho. I guess we—I say, Homer—you——"

"Aw, sure," grunted Homer, lighting the cigarette. "Take the blame thing if you feel that way. But you're foolish—that little strip of film would pay for a mighty swell honeymoon."

---

*Concluding*

# The Head of Adam

## By Victor Ardmore

### This Tells What the Story Is About

BENTON DUDLEY, a promoter, seeking to evade an annoying maiden aunt, goes fishing past the Lane Museum of Art, and on reaching his own home discovers that a valuable painting has been hidden under the seat of his chaise. He starts out to return the picture, and encounters Jerimore, a secret service man on the lookout for smugglers. After an exciting race Jerimore leaves him, and a mysterious stranger makes Dudley take him into his carriage. This man soon quits his company and Dudley starts on his way home to be hailed by Rodley, who asks Dudley to accompany Miss Clara Lane to her home. This he does, and when he returns to his home discovers that he has been riding around all night carrying a wooden plank in his chaise, instead of the valuable painting. He goes to look for the painting in his barn, and is assailed and rendered unconscious. On the following morning the sheriff of San Eugenio rides to his home to put Dudley under arrest. Blount, the caretaker of the museum, has met foul play and accuses Dudley of assaulting him. Peter Allen goes Dudley's bail, after which Dudley goes to see the Lanes and finds Jerimore there. Both father and daughter seem unconcerned about the picture, but as Dudley gets ready to leave Clara Lane asks him to get the picture out of California at the earliest possible moment. He protests his innocence and goes home. That evening Clara suddenly appears at Dudley's home and persuades him to steal the Head of Adam from Small's home. They get the picture out safely, and Clara orders him to sink it at sea. They go to sea, but Dudley deceives her and keeps the picture. He then shows it to Kinglake, the custodian, who declares both Dudley and the picture frauds. Unable to explain how he came by the picture, Dudley takes it to Caleb Lamb, an art expert, to find out if it is an original. Lamb says it is, and helps him to take the picture out of Santa Barbara. When Dudley gets the picture home he places it on a table, and after returning in a few minutes discovers that there is an exact duplicate next to it. He cannot tell which is which. However, he stands guard, while his servant goes to call for aid. When the servant does not reappear, Dudley sends his housekeeper to find out what has happened. She also fails to return. Then suddenly Dudley is attacked. When he recovers consciousness the pictures are gone and he finds the housekeeper bending over him. A note on his table tells him that Clara Lane is in trouble. He goes out to find the servant and encounters Brown, who tells him about his aunt's plan for his defense. When he returns without the boy he finds Clara Lane at his home. She tells him she wants him to help abduct her father, to prevent him from deeding the museum to Jerimore.

The above began Sept. 28, in No. 39 of the Ledger. Back copies can be bought from our agents or newsdealers, or from the office of publication.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER XIII.

HOVERING TROUBLE.

AT THE appointed hour Dudley appeared at Darlington Lane's house in saddle. Having given his horse into the care of a servant, he entered and was met by Clara.

"Everything is progressing well," she announced, smiling happily. "Father is pleased with the idea of going to your residence, or, as he looks at it, to San Eugenio. I have convinced him that it will simplify the drawing up of the deed. As before planned, we three shall ride in father's carriage, while a servant takes your horse. Once at your house the carriage will be taken back here. Jerimore will come, later, only to be told that father is away riding, and then he will wait in vain. I'm sure we shall not need the shelter of your house more than a week or so."

Dudley had supposed it was only for a few hours, but he said nothing, chiefly because he was speechless with dismay. Abducting the owner of the art museum began to seem a serious affair.

"But if Mr. Lane disappears from home there will be great commotion and a search for him," he reminded.

"Our servants will then say we have gone to sea, yachting."

"If you should make that step a reality——"

"Now we will go to father," Clara hurriedly added. "Please, Mr. Dudley, remember his mental condition and, no matter what he says, do not, I implore you, do anything to oppose or excite him. It might make him violent."

"I'll be discreet," was the promise, "you can trust me."

They went. Except that his eyes had a glitter not that of perfect mental poise, Mr. Lane looked much as he had done in his days of activity. Coming forward, he met the caller with a hearty handshake.

"This is a great pleasure, sir," he said graciously. "We have not often had the pleasure of your company, and it delights me that you have not forgotten us. My daughter Clara is rather retiring of nature, but, believe me, it is not due to coldness that you have seen her so infrequently of late."

"You are very kind, Mr. Lane——"

"To be frank, only selfishly so. I regard you, Mr. Dudley, as my best friend, for you have done me a great service. You know what I mean."

"I fear not——"

"That Rembrandt, you know. Have you sold it yet?"

Dudley flushed. This definite assumption that he was the man who had stolen the Head of Adam almost brought an intemperate retort, but Clara laid a finger warningly upon her lips. He knew he was reminded of his promise to endure all with composure.

"No," he answered, thickly.

"Good! That being the case, I have a proposition to make to you. You want to find somebody to finance your scheme of seeking gold at the mouths of the coast rivers. Sir, if you will burn the Head of Adam I will support you financially to the extent of, let us say, $50,000 as a venture, and more if there is any return in gold."

Here was the offer Dudley had longed for, the help that Lane had wholly refused, a few weeks before, when approached, but, somehow, it did not give him the great pleasure he had anticipated.

"I will think it over——"

"Think it over!" cried Mr. Lane, with sudden asperity.

"You will understand, father," Clara interrupted, "that Mr. Dudley does not want to seem avaricious by accepting too quickly. But he will embrace the offer, will you not, Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes," the promoter managed to say.

"Then all is settled," declared the museum owner cheerfully. "If you had come to me at the beginning you could have had the Rembrandt without any trouble. I say this because you were a trifle harsh with Hiram Blount, just a trifle, sir, tho nothing worth mentioning. I will pay Hiram double for the time he is ill, and he really cannot complain. A couple of weeks in bed will rest him up finely. As for you, your trial for assaulting him will not be permitted to come to court. Pray be at your ease!"

"The carriage is at the door, father," said Clara, gently. "I think we had better go at once"

"True, we must not delay worthy Jerimore. It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Dudley, to offer your residence for this business. I shall be delighted when it is over with. I have long found the museum a burden, and Jerimore is wrapped up in art. His offer of—hum, hum!—$300,000 for building and contents was generous."

Clara resumed her persuasions and succeeded in getting Mr. Lane away to prepare for the ride. Left alone, Dudley meditated on the mental condition of his host, but presently the talk of the last few minutes dwarfed everything else.

Unable to remonstrate, he had been accepted as the thief of the Rembrandt, and his indignation made him long to drop the venture, but memory of Clara caused him to waver.

"Maybe I'd better remain," he murmured.

Ten minutes later they left the house, the promoter riding with father and daughter, a servant having charge of the saddle horse. Special instruction had been given to the butler, but only he knew their plans. They took the east road, as they would thereby avoid San Eugenio and risk but little danger of meeting outsiders. Entertained by Mr. Lane's conversation, which was usually coherent, tho marked by occasional lapses which betrayed his mental condition, they reached Dudley's home.

The promoter ushered his guests into the sitting-room. It was rather a humble place, equipped with old furniture of obsolete patterns, but the newcomers accepted everything without comment. Having done what he could to make them comfortable, the master of the house went to see that the carriage turned back properly.

After this was done Dudley was about to stable his horse when Clara came out hastily.

"Mr. Dudley," she said quickly, "I am deeply grateful to you. Of course it was terribly hard for you to hear father just the same as accuse you of taking the Rembrandt from our museum, and your patience in bearing it was grand. You see, he is so broken mentally that logic and judgment are lacking and he assumes that you took the Head of Adam, but considers it an act no worse than appropriating a flower. Please don't think too hard of him—he is not responsible for what he says and does. If he were well he could not possibly think you guilty."

The promoter had vivid recollection that Mr. Lane's daughter had also believed him the thief formerly, if not now, but he ignored the fact. Her voice and look carried conviction as to his duty and her quivering lips completed the conquest.

"I'm glad to be of service," he said, sturdily.

"Thank you! When this is all past you will know that you have helped me to save him from total loss of mind, due to hurt pride and mortification. I must return to him now, but, once more, thank you, thank you!"

She re-entered the house and Dudley, busy with his thoughts, saw to his horse. Turning back, he met Francisca.

"You have another caller, senor," she announced.

"A caller!" he exclaimed, startled. "Who is it?"

"Your friend Mr. Jerimore! He arrived only this instant and I ushered him into——"

"Not the sitting-room?" cried the promoter in dismay.

"No, senor, into your private room. I told him to make himself at home and that you would come to him at once."

It was too late for a message that Dudley was away. He caught at the housekeeper's arm.

"Did he see my other guests, or did you tell him anybody was here?"

"No, senor. He does not know it."

"Then I will see Jerimore. Look you, Francisca, if anybody else comes forbid him the house. Yes, and stand guard to see that my two parties of—of friends—do not meet. Keep the first pair where they are, and be sure to have the door shut."

"It shall be done, senor."

He went and found Jerimore lounging contentedly in the easiest chair of the room, his face smiling and his expression confident.

"Hello, Dudley!" he cried abruptly, but very cheerfully. "I thought I would drop in to see you a minute. I know you will be interested in what I have to say, as it dovetails into our lively evening a while ago. To come right to business, I think I possibly wronged the smugglers when I stated publicly, since then, that I suspected them of entering my Uncle Small's house that night and tying me up like a hen for market. Yesterday I had occasion to go into my uncle's study and I opened the door with a spare key that happened to fit. I found something there. Guess what!"

"I'm a poor guesser," the promoter replied, uneasily.

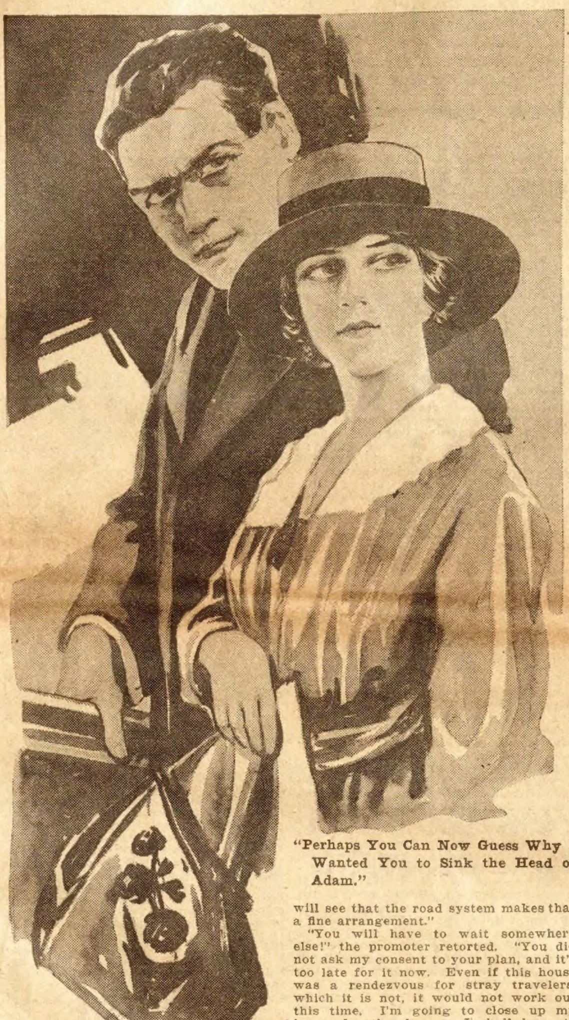
Jerimore held out a bit of pasteboard, and Dudley saw that it was an ordinary visiting card with his name upon it. Suspicion came that he had accidentally dropped it when he and Clara invaded Mr. Small's house.

The revenue man was eying him with hostility. "Now, then," he added, "how the deuce did your card get there unless it was you who raided the premises that night?"

It was a momentary dilemma, but the promoter's wits worked with speed and shrewdness that astonished himself.

"If I were to conjecture, I should say the card was used when I called, some weeks ago, to ask Small to finance my ocean-gold enterprise. It is not rulable in San Eugenio to return visiting cards, you know."

The explanation and his easy smile carried force and Jerimore's face fell. He had felt himself on a trail of some kind, but the answer made it seem anything but promising.



"Perhaps You Can Now Guess Why I Wanted You to Sink the Head of Adam."

"It's odd that my uncle left the thing on the floor," he growled.

"Isn't it just possible a careless servant has been there since?"

"Well, anyhow, if the intruder was an ordinary burgler, why was nothing stolen?"

Dudley breathed freer. Plainly, the loss of the Otis Small specimen of the Head of Adam was still undiscovered. It was strange but comforting.

"Probably," he suggested evenly, "it was because you routed the thieves so completely."

"You needn't be sarcastic," Jerimore retorted, flushing. "You know mighty well that they left me tied up and helpless. I say 'they,' but the visiting card is yours. Very significant!"

"Do secret burglars generally leave visiting cards behind them?"

"You're still sarcastic, so I will let the card rest for now——"

"Excellent idea!" said Dudley, rising. "Now, sir, I think we are done, and as I am myself occupied, I will not longer detain you from your regular business."

It was a plain dismissal, but Jerimore smiled and kept his seat.

"No hurry," he said, easily. "Fact is, I'm to do business with a notary from Obiscaro today and I've told him to meet me here. After that we call on Darlington Lane. I'll wait here for the visitor."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## PORTRAITS AND TROUBLE.

DUDLEY'S anger rose above everything else. It was exasperating that an uncongenial, casual acquaintance should claim house room when clearly dismissed, but the proximity of Mr. Lane made matters serious.

"You see," Jerimore went on composedly, "the notary and I are to go to Lane's together and, as it will prevent my waiting by the roadside, I directed the Obiscaro man to come here. You will see that the road system makes that a fine arrangement."

"You will have to wait somewhere else!" the promoter retorted. "You did not ask my consent to your plan, and it's too late for it now. Even if this house was a rendezvous for stray travelers, which it is not, it would not work out this time. I'm going to close up my house for the day, so I shall have to deny myself more of your company. Walk outside with me and say good-by there."

Feeling it a great pleasure to disappoint his companion, Dudley was in temporary good humor, but Jerimore eyed him with increasing hostility. Before he could reply, however, a loud shout out-of-doors broke the pause:

"Hello, the house! Is Jerimore within? Tell him that Mr. Strong of Obiscaro is here!"

"The notary!" exclaimed the revenue man, springing to his feet. "Now it will soon be settled!"

The promoter said nothing, having a benumbing impression that it would, indeed, soon be "settled." That booming voice would carry to Darlington Lane's ears, and the dreaded meeting between the two men was imminent. The only hope seemed to be to silence Strong of Obiscaro and get him away quickly.

He flung the door open, but too late. Mr. Lane was at the window of the other room and his voice sounded clearly.

"Ah! Mr. Strong, glad to see you! One of the parties to the transaction is here, and the other will soon come. Pray dismount and enter."

Dudley turned back and saw Jerimore, whose face was the picture of amazement.

"What!" he cried. "Darlington Lane here? Say, Dudley, you wanted to keep me ignorant of this, didn't you? Quite a schemer, you are, but luck is against you. Lane here? I wonder just what that means?"

Not yet suspecting the true situation, he dismissed his wonder and started out to see the notary. Lane had a similar desire, and he and the revenue man met at the door with cordial greetings.

"Glad to see you, sir," Lane declared. "We will have Strong right in here and soon get signatures on that document."

As they went outside Dudley and Clara, left behind, looked at each other hopelessly. Their scheme, hopelessly wrecked, had helped Jerimore to win.

"Everything is lost!" she breathed, sorrowfully. "Who would have expected this? They will draw up the deed and we are utterly defeated."

"Say the word and I'll fall upon Jerimore and chastise him so that——"

"No, no, that would add new misery. We cannot oppose the signing, for that would give father the mental shock that must be prevented. Do not oppose anything and do nothing to fluster him. Remember that, remember everything!"

Dudley nodded uncertainly. Lane must be allowed to sign the deed and must not see the Head of Adam. These were the two things most to be borne in mind. Fortunately, the Rembrandt was missing.

"I hope," she continued, "that they will not bring out the fact that we decoyed father here under false pretenses."

"Perhaps they will not," the promoter replied, dubiously.

"If you are asked to sign the deed, do so, Mr. Dudley. Should there ever be a legal contest over it 'twill be after father's day and I would like you for a witness."

There was no time to say more. Strong, a big man with a superfluity of flesh that matched his voice, was talking with his two companions, but he paused long enough to get his bulk out of the carriage.

"Mr. Strong," interposed Lane hastily, "my daughter, Miss Lane."

The notary hastened to acknowledge the introduction. "Your servant, Miss Lane. It is clear that the chief treasure of the collection is not to be included in the conveyance."

"Let us get to business," said Lane, with less approval. "Pray, come in! Mr. Dudley—a particular friend of mine, by the way, who once did me an invaluable service—has kindly placed his house at our disposal."

Jerimore stared at the promoter rather darkly. Failing to understand why Dudley was set upon so high a pinnacle he resented it, but other events were moving so well that he held his peace. Lane, taking it upon himself to act the host, was leading the way indoors, and all entered the sitting-room.

Strong, occupied with his loud sentences, had forgotten to remove his hat, but he now hung it on a post of the large folding Alpirian screen that, now partly open, stood on end in a corner.

"Very artistic!" he pronounced, gazing at the screen. "Take that right-hand panel, for instance. It's the painted representation of a crane, or possibly a flamingo, wading among pond lilies or something. It is decidedly artistic."

"Mr. Strong," Lane interrupted, "we are ready for business. Here is a table, with pen and ink. I will sign at once, for I understand that matters have reached that stage."

"Exactly, sir, but the usual forms must be observed. I will read the paper aloud. The grantor and grantee will please draw near. I assume that the duly selected witnesses are present. Now, then!"

Dudley, having studied the notary for some minutes, had a definite belief that the man had been selected by Jerimore because he was an official sample of folly, but it was not his place to interfere.

Strong had taken position directly beside the table and Jerimore, getting the business fever, seated himself at the same point. Mr. Lane was but a few feet distant, and Dudley and Clara stood just beyond.

"Now, then,' the notary repeated, " 'Know all men by these presents,' " and he read on with great unction.

Dudley glanced at Clara and found her outwardly calm. He could not feel that way. True, the conveyance was one the law would set aside if it ever came to a contest, but Jerimore's effrontery in accepting a fortune for absolutely no return was remarkable. For a moment the promoter wondered how he expected anything from it, but it occurred to him that, once in unchallenged possession, the revenue man could sell everything again and, having the money, flee the country before he was brought to justice.

"So much for the legal form,' Strong soon said. "Now comes the really important part. Kindly draw nearer, Mr. Lane. 'A certain building situate in the township of San Eugenio, in the county of——' "

Dudley had been listening closely to the booming words, but now his attention was diverted. A gentle voice sounded at his elbow.

"Senor Dudley!"

He turned quickly.

"Here are the twins, senor!"

And there stood Jacobo, a Rembrandt

in each hand—the Head of Adam was back, and paired!

The herder was mildly, amiably triumphant, and while his soft Spanish voice crept Lilliputian-like into the bellow of Strong's vocal effort, he faced his master with the meekness of a dove. The door stood open, offering explanation of how he had entered unheard, and there was good reason why he had been unseen—every face had been turned away from him.

Once more the chilling influence of the Head of Adam was upon the promoter. The Rembrandts were back, and, as usual, they were mighty in their power for mischief. Imperfect-minded, well-meaning Jacobo had taken the worst possible moment for doing what he conceived to be a good act. He had brought a picture in each hand, and trouble in both.

Dudley took a look at Clara, found her apparently as helpless as she was startled, and then grappled with the fact that the Rembrandts must be banished from view and from discovery. There were several reasons for this, but the chief was, perhaps, that sight of them would give Mr. Lane the mental shock that might upset his mind forever.

The promoter seized his servant by the arm and was about to hurry him to the door, but now Lane swung around partly, still listening to Strong, tho so situated that he must surely see whoever tried to leave the room.

How was discovery to be avoided?

### CHAPTER XV.

### THE REMBRANDT REIGN.

DUDLEY'S gaze roved and reached the Alpirian screen. Planning rapidly he walked Jacobo behind the friendly cover, shifting the folds as seemed necessary. The herder was bewildered, but remained passive.

"Stay here!" his master whispered. "No matter what happens, stay here until I give you permission to leave. Don't speak, don't move, don't make a sound. Keep out of sight wholly, and don't let those paintings be seen by anybody. Understand?"

Jacobo nodded.

Coming forth Dudley exchanged a look with Clara, and then went near the table and seemed engrossed with matters there. His back was to the screen, but he heard nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but the Head of Adam.

Could discovery be averted?

Strong had reached the end and he lifted his big head. "There you have it," he said. "A deed, correct in all ways. Mr. Lane and Mr. Jerimore, do you understand its terms fully? You both say that you do. Excellent! Now, Mr. Lane, this transfer is your free act, is it?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then we have only to add the signatures. Will you sign, sir?"

Mr. Lane drew nearer the table and wrote in a minute, scholarly hand.

"Now the witnesses," the notary pursued. "Miss Lane, will you sign first?—right at that point," and he indicated with a finger.

She wrote quickly, and Dudley was called for and took the chair. He had just completed his signature when, chancing to glance at that of the grantor, he made a striking discovery. Darlington Lane, beset for a moment by his mental disorder, had unconsciously written, not his own name, but that of Lucius Jerimore. The slip entirely nullified the deed, but seemed hardly likely to pass unobserved by the others to the end of the present meeting.

"Now to give official force to the document," said Strong, with intended humor, and he signed as the third witness. "All done! Mr. Jerimore, permit me to congratulate you on your truly magnificent acquisition, and—I have dried the ink—here is your deed."

He had folded it while speaking, and it was in this form when it came to the revenue man. Looking highly pleased he thrust it into his pocket without examination. The mistake in Lane's signature had not been discovered. Granted that there was some further delay, it might possibly be said that a designing knave was never before baffled by a similar happening.

"The only flaw in your acquirement," added the notary, "is the fact that the chief gem of the museum collection—the grand Rembrandt—is missing, tho badly wanted. Really, you must stir up your local police and have it found. Say to Chief Martin, it must be found!—say to the spirits of the earth and the air, bring the Head of Adam here!"

Dudley was startled anew. What if Jacobo, hearing that loud call, should come forth from behind the screen?

Clara was equal to the emergency and her voice sounded quickly. "The spirits," she exclaimed, "would answer, the Head of Adam is not wanted—it must stay where it is. You see, Mr. Strong, spirits are contrary creatures, and what man desires they refuse to produce. Really, tho, sir, I didn't know you were interested in wizards and witches. Have you studied deeply on those points?"

She talked fluently and Jacobo did not come forth. It was to be doubted that he knew the Rembrandt was a "Head of Adam," but this was not considered then. Strong, pleased to be noticed, said more, but presently rose and started to get his hat.

## The Three Loves

*He who came at dawning,*
*Laughter on his lips,*
*Took the mad sweet wine of*
*youth*
*As any wild bee sips.*

*He who came at noontide*
*Sang a braggart tune,*
*Tired when the shadows lay*
*Across the afternoon.*

*But he who came at even*
*Little had to say;*
*Yet I know that he will love*
*Forever and a day.*
—JEANNE OLDFIELD POTTER
*in New York Mail.*

"I have business to do in San Eugenio," he explained, "and I shall have to deprive myself of your company—ah! thank you, Miss Lane."

She had flitted forward and taken his hat from the screen, not wanting him to approach that point while Jacobo crouched there. The notary covered his head and walked to the door, and then essayed to open it, but failed.

"Sticks a bit!" he remarked.

Dudley, too, tried the door, met with opposition, tugged the harder—and then a voice sounded from the other side.

"Leave that door alone! Anybody who tries to come out will get hurt. You folks are prisoners, so take it easy. Leave the door alone!"

"What's this?" cried the notary. "Why are we shut in?"

"Because you are prisoners," calmly explained the man on the other side. "No harm will be done you, but for half an hour you stay where you are. You have something we want, and we are going to get it. Do nothing, say nothing, for if you are too active we may have to do some shooting.'

Dudley thought of the smugglers and believed he understood, but the other men were perplexed.

"Is this a joke, Dudley?" Jerimore asked angrily.

"If so, it isn't mine. I know nothing about it."

"I'm going to know," the revenue man declared with vigor. "I'll smash that door into kindling-wood——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Remain where you are and keep still!"

The command was from another point, and, turning, they saw Captain Ignacio Varga of the brig Gray Gull. Standing outside, he was leaning nonchalantly upon the window ledge, but in each hand he held a revolver.

"You are prisoners!" he pursued. "Take it easy!"

Dudley did not doubt that the smugglers were there to get the Rembrandt by peaceful means or violent. He faced about to where he had last seen the double Head of Adam, and then became puzzled. Jacobo was standing in plain view, and the screen lying on its side, but the Rembrandts were not to be seen.

Clara, just coming from that point, gave him a warning glance. He took another look and saw that, tho the Alpirian screen lay practically flat, it bulged perceptibly. Then he guessed the truth. Clara had folded the paintings up in the screen, and as the several panels were separated by wide joints and the picture frames far from thick, it was a device that would work well for a time, tho close notice would detect the imperfect folding.

Jerimore and the notary began to bluster, but Varga waved his revolvers and again interrupted.

"Drop it!" he ordered curtly. "I'm here with a dozen armed men, and I'll not allow any rebellion on your part. We won't wilfully harm you nor this house, but keep you subdued I will, while my men are busy elsewhere."

"The house is being ransacked," Clara whispered to Dudley. "Do you hear the sounds? They are after that dreadful Head of Adam!"

The heavy, rapid steps of the invisible men were certainly audible, and headlong search plainly under way. In such a hunt all parts of the house would be investigated.

"This room will be last of all," he said, looking at the screen. "When they get here—what then?"

"Our situation is exasperating," now came in Jerimore's voice. "It's likely that a combined rush would lift the blockade. Who wants to lead?"

Captain Varga suddenly leaned forward and described a few graceful curves with his revolvers.

"I wish," he pursued, "to know if a certain object is in this room. Being unwilling to intrude and mar the harmony of your private circle, I will adopt another way if you will aid me by moving such furniture as is bulky enough to afford a hiding-place. You man, there"—this was to Strong—"end up that table!"

The notary had been feeling that his dignity was seriously impaired by events, but, fearing worse, he grasped at the plan and turned the table as directed. No treasure was revealed.

"Now, young lady," Varga continued, looking at Clara, "if you will so far oblige your servant who speaks, will you turn that screen over? You are nearest to it."

Dudley fell into dismay. Discovery of the Rembrandts seemed certain, but sight of Clara's composed face heartened him slightly. Had she an idea?

Laying hold of the screen she turned it end for end without perceptible haste, and no Head of Adam fell out or was revealed. Dudley felt that something like sleight of hand was in her handling of it, but he could not detect anything unusual. Neither did Captain Varga. When she put it down it was close to the wall, with the edge of a panel against the partition as if by chance, thus giving a reasonable excuse for the dangerous bulging. The smuggler captain nodded satisfaction.

"Same as to the sofa," he continued. "Get busy, you men, and turn it over so I can see all sides of it. Ditto, that big chair."

The persuasion of his revolvers was impressive, and obedience was prompt. The last piece of heavy furniture had been moved and nothing found. He glanced at the commonplace modern pictures on the walls, smiled his contempt for them, and then bowed politely.

"That's all," he said calmly. "I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, especially as I see that what I want is not here. I thank you heartily and—your servant, senorita and caballeros!"

As he spoke the last word he stepped back and disappeared suddenly.

### CHAPTER XVI.

### THE HEAD OF ADAM.

THE corralled party awoke from their daze and realized that the whole house had become silent. Dudley and Jerimore ran to where Captain Varga had stood. Nobody was visible outside. If any man was near, the trees and shrubbery concealed him.

"They've gone!" the promoter exclaimed.

"I'll have Chief Martin after them!" cried Jerimore, and with this he vaulted out of the window and ran toward the town.

It was over with. The Gray Gulls had turned the house upside down without discoveries. At the start Dudley had inferred that they had seen Jacobo enter with the Rembrandts in his possession, but this was clearly not so, for they would have carried their search further.

Strong filled the stage for the next few minutes, talking much and loudly, but his work was done, and presently he rode away as he had come. Mr. Lane and his daughter remained. When they were free from the notary Dudley took Jacobo aside.

"My lad," he said, "where did you get those Rembrandts?"

"Do you mean the twins, senor?" asked the herder, smiling gently. "I had them at our hut on the hillside. It was like this: You sent me in the dark to bring Mr. Brown and Chief Martin, but those dreadful sailors captured me and kept me until almost day. Then they brought me back home and attacked you in your room. You remember it, don't you, senor? Well, when I saw they were going to molest you I was afraid they wanted to steal the twins, and I determined to prevent it. I had seen just where you set those pictures, so, when the attack came and the lamp was broken, why, I just made a dive, grasped the twins and fled to the hill with them. It was so dark the sailors did not see me do it, nor notice that I was in the room, having left me outside. I supposed you were dead, senor, and I kept on staying at the hut, but I got hungry, so I came back today, bringing those beautiful twins."

Dudley impulsively shook the herder's hand. "Thank you, Jacobo!" he exclaimed. "You are a good friend."

"Maybe, senor," Jacobo pursued, with a mildly confident smile, "you now feel like forgiving me for taking that first twin the first time?"

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps you remember that when this trouble began somebody took your picture from your chaise and put a piece of plank in its place. It was I who did it. Unknown to you I was walking around and looking at the pretty stars, and I saw the twin by the light of your lantern, so I took it while you were busy with your horse. I carried that lovely picture right to the hut and kept it until I had made a faithful copy, and then, thinking you might possibly want to use the twin yourself, I brought it back and set it on the table in your room. That was a few minutes before you brought the other twin in and sent me to get Chief Martin."

Dudley was speechless. Suspicion of Jacobo as the person who had robbed him the night that trouble began at the museum had never entered his mind, but the truth was now clear.

For a moment his anger burned hot as he recalled how he had carried the plank around for hours and miles, thinking it was the Head of Adam, but recollection of the herder's later exploit lessened his anger.

"Why," he demanded, "did you take the Rembrandt?"

"Senor," the lad replied, his feeble face brightening up, "I am not like the common herd. I may be humble, but I have a soul that soars far above the gross things of life. Once, a month ago, I went to Senor Lane's museum and saw all of his grand paintings, and then it came upon me that I loved what Mr. Kinglake called art. It burst upon me that I was born to be a great artist, and so I am!"

Jacobo, pausing for a moment, showed a face that radiated the sunshine of rapt delight that was as dominating as it was misplaced.

"I took the twin from your chaise, but it was because, when I saw it, my soul was bathed in the glory of it, and something inside of me would not let me leave it alone. Yes, I took it, but, a little after, it was not the only treasure in the hut. Go there with me, and you will find great pictures of my own painting. I am an artist! I can paint all things, tho most of all I delight in painting twins!"

Starting slightly the lad looked more directly at his master. "But I hope, senor, that I have not inconvenienced you?"

At that moment, recalling all of his adventures, Dudley wished he had a strong-minded man to deal with, but to put blame upon Jacobo would be like berating a lamb of the fields. After all, Jacobo's acts for evil and good partly balanced. When, the next day, he visited the hut and saw the boy's artistic efforts—crude smears on common white cloth with ordinary white paint—he was glad he had elected not to pain the herder's imperfect mind with useless reproofs.

Clara, now passing near master and man as they talked, caught the drift of their later words and, waiting until Jacobo walked away, accosted the promoter.

"Mr. Dudley," she said, her voice trembling perceptibly, "circumstances have caused me to explain to you what the condition of father's mind is. Perhaps you can now guess why I wanted you to sink the Head of Adam in the ocean?"

"I do suspect," he acknowledged.

"The explanation is painfully, tragically simple," she added, sighing. "Oh! that wretched painting! Father bought it of Caleb Lamb, supposing it to be a genuine Rembrandt, and, contrary to his usual custom, really boasted of it in public a good deal. A month ago a traveling man from the East, a famous artist, told us it was no Rembrandt, but a forgery painted by one Hans Tychsen. It was a terrible blow to father, afflicted as he was. His pride was deeply touched, and it would not allow him even to demand satisfaction from Lamb, but he began to brood shockingly over having a fraudulent painting in his collection, and one so famous locally."

"I see, I see!" Dudley murmured.

"Now you will understand why, not suspecting that the Head of Adam we took from Mr. Small's house was other than our museum copy, I wanted it sunk in the Pacific. When we were in the boat and I thought you had really obeyed me, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that we had done a deed that might possibly save my father from total insanity. Do you wonder I wanted it sunk?"

Before Dudley could answer the interview was interrupted by the arrival of the village telegrapher.

"Mr. Jerimore informs me that Miss Clara Lane is here," he said. "Ah! I notice her now. I have a repeated cable message for her."

Clara took it without delay, naturally suspecting its origin. While the messenger started back she tore the envelope open and read:

"You can have the Head of Adam for twenty-five thousand dollars, with immediate possession. All well.

"OTIS SMALL."

"Thank Providence!" Clara murmured. "Now the genuine Rembrandt

**POULTRY PROFITS DOUBLED**

L. D. Nichols, of Mendon, Ill., writes: "I am very much pleased with 'More Eggs' tonic. My hens have more than doubled their eggs."

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. "More Eggs" is a scientific tonic that revitalizes the flock and makes the hens lay all the time. Poultry raisers everywhere are doubling their profits by giving their hens "More Eggs." The results of a few cents worth will amaze you.

Send $1.00 to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 5017 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri, and he will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs." A million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied your dollar will be returned on request. Send a dollar today or write to Mr. Reefer for his *free* poultry book that tells the experiences of a man who has máde a fortune out of poultry.

Adv.

can be placed in our museum and the forgery forever banished, and father will be able to face the world again. But, Mr. Dudley, which is the genuine?"

"Don't ask me!" Dudley exclaimed. "We must submit the two to Caleb Lamb."

"That knave!" cried the girl.

"Granted, but a shrewd one and, in this case, useful. Let him say which is genuine and then we will have an expert from the East to give final decision. As I understand it, if he pronounces the Otis Small a genuine Rembrandt, it can safely be placed in the museum?"

"Yes, and father's mind will be free from worry."

"Then let that be the plan."

"But the deed to Jerimore——"

"Will never figure," the promoter replied, and then he told of Mr. Lane's mistake in signing. "If Jerimore tries to pass the museum on to yet another owner, he will find his present deed worthless."

Two hours later the Lanes went back to their home, after which Dudley remembered the smugglers again and brought forth his glass. In the remoter offing he discovered a vessel under a press of canvas, and tho she was nearly hull down, he saw she was rigged like a brig and did not doubt that it was the Gray Gull. Captain Varga, having made his final effort and failed, had gone to sea.

The promoter was still looking when a voice sounded near his side.

"Do you like the view, sir?"

Dudley wheeled and saw Luke Garroway, mate of the brig.

"There, there!" said that man lightly, "don't get hostile. I'm not your enemy. Varga is off for Europe, but I'm not one of his crew, having cut loose. I'm on my way to—no matter where—but I thought you might like a word of explanation before I went. I'll give it, if you won't set the law on certain friends of mine."

Dudley meditated. Darlington Lane's mental condition demanded freedom from worry, so it was clear that nobody could be prosecuted for recent events. All such aims must be dropped. He gave the promise.

"The story goes back some years," explained the ex-mate. "You know the San Eugenio chief of police is named Pedro Martin, and that he is half American and half Spanish. Well, he had word, then, that a kinsman of his had died in Spain and left him a Rembrandt as the Head of Adam. Martin is passably honest, but he wanted to bring that painting into California free of duty, so he hired Captain Varga to do it.

"I overheard the talk and told Caleb Lamb, who happens to be my uncle. Lamb had in his shop a counterfeit Head of Adam done by one Hans Tychsen, and he engaged me to swap the two after the original was brought here. I did it right away when we fetched to this coast on our return voyage. Afterwards Martin took what he had—the bogus one, of course, since I had robbed him—he took it, I say, to Lamb, who told him it was bogus, so he got only the price of such trash. Then Lamb sold this counterfeit to Darlington Lane, while the genuine he sold to Otis Small. My business-like uncle got the price of a genuine Rembrandt from both men. Understand?"

"But the late affair at the museum?" Dudley exclaimed.

"Just so! Years passed and the bogus painting remained in the museum. Varga recently heard of the high value quoted for it and wondered if it really was the counterfeit, so he planned to steal it. Genuine or fictitious, it was worth having. The night that Hiram Blount was wounded one of Varga's sailors, going there while the museum was open for the day, was concealed inside, waiting for a chance to steal the Rembrandt, but Blount happened to find him. There was a fight and Blount was beaten unconscious. Then the smuggler took the Head of Adam outside. It had been the plan that Varga should be there with a carriage, but he was late. The thief found a chaise—yours, it seems—and put the Rembrandt into it, thinking it was Varga's, but remembered having left something in the building, and went back for it. When he returned the chaise was gone—you had driven away, and you took the Rembrandt with you."

Dudley, listening, had the explanation of the entangling mystery at last. Nodding, he remained silent.

"You know what came next," Garroway proceeded. "Varga has persisted in his efforts to get that painting, but has definitely given it up now and has sailed away from this coast. The disappearing brig in the offing is the Gray Gull, as you possibly have suspected. I may add that when Chief Martin heard of the theft of the Head of Adam he offered Varga money to get it out of the country, for Martin feared that the notoriety would develop the fact that he had smuggled the thing in originally."

The last words gave light. Dudley had often wondered why Martin had objected to bail being accepted while it was only the assault upon Hiram Blount that was under notice and then had grown lukewarm when he knew the painting was missing. Illumination had now fallen upon the chief.

"[illegible]" pursued Garroway, stirring [illegible]. "I'll leave you."

The promoter had some questions to ask, but when they were answered he had no objection to present. Garroway went, disappearing just as the Gray Gull faded from the marine skyline.

Dudley was left behind, musing deeply.

"Let me look into this," he murmured. "How about the Head of Adam [illegible] the period when I've been in the [illegible]? First, Darlington Lane possessed the counterfeit copy, and it was placed in my chaise at the museum and taken home by me. Jacobo immediately purloined it, substituting the piece of plank, and took it to the herder's hut, where it remained until he brought it back to my house.

"The genuine Rembrandt first appeared to me when Clara and I removed it from the home of Otis Small, its owner. It was of course the genuine that Clara innocently tried to have sunk in the ocean, and the one that Kinglake mistakenly pronounced bogus when I carried it to him, and also the one I took to Caleb Lamb.

"If I'd had a light when I took the genuine one to the hut I should probably have seen the counterfeit, which Jacobo had hidden there. The smugglers have never had either painting in their [illegible] since this trouble began. I now possess [illegible], by Clara's leave, and as Varga has sailed away there will be no more [illegible] over them. That suits me well."

The worries at San Eugenio were ended. Caleb Lamb decided which Rembrandt was genuine, and when a great expert from elsewhere confirmed his statement the Head of Adam—once the property of Otis Small—was placed in the museum. The Hans Tychsen copy was presented to a Chinese lover of art, and by him taken to Pekin.

Darlington Lane never knew in full of recent events, and, with all worry over the painting removed, his mind improved to such a degree that he had some years of peace. Kinglake, who had mistaken the genuine Rembrandt for the counterfeit, and that because he assumed that the one so long in the museum was the real, was never fully satisfied, but he realized that it was a good time to say nothing.

There was a vague rumor that Jerimore had taken a certain deed to some man who wanted to buy certain property and had been greatly surprised when he saw the signature to the conveyance, but the facts did not fully leak out. He did not ask Mr. Lane to give him a new deed [illegible] Jerimore was soon [illegible] to [illegible] farther north, and he [illegible] no more [illegible] San Eugenio.

Hiram Blount recovered fully and exonerated Dudley, but was unable to say who his assailant had been.

Aunt Arethusa returned from Jalapa and met Dudley at last. She remained with him for two days and was a reasonably pleasant guest, in spite of the outcropping of various fresh peculiarities on her part. When she finally resumed her travels, seeking to overtake the other excursionists from Indiana, she left her good wishes and [illegible] for a welcome sum behind her, [illegible] was reason to believe she was disappointed that her nephew had [illegible] his innocence since it prevented [illegible] managing his defense.

Dudley's scheme for ext[illegible] from the river-mouths was [illegible] by a syndicate, of whom Mr. Lane was one, and if results were not [illegible] he hoped, they were not so [illegible] had been predicted by some scoffers.

The promoter remained a favorite with Lane and with his daughter, and ultimately became the owner of the museum—but that was after he married Clara.

[illegible]

6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

$1.00 DOWN

A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.50 a month, or only $24.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces

This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B5186A. Send $1.00 with order; $2.50 monthly. Price, only $24.90. No discount for cash.**

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves, porch and lawn furniture,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.) Dept. C501 W. 35th Street CHICAGO

Send This Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon today.

Free Trial Coupon
STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)
Dept. C501 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6 Piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the article I will pay you $2.50 monthly. If not satisfied I am to return it [illegible] within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B5186A. $24.90.

Name..........

Address..........

Post Office.......... State..........

If you ONLY want catalog put X in box below
☐ Furniture and Stoves ☐ Jewelry
☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing ☐ Paints ☐ Roofing

*Second Installment of the Romantic Story of a Lovable Brigand*

# When Fate Decides

**By Jack C. Sims**

## Read This First

OUT of the waste lands of Mexico, into the City of Vera Cruz, rides Senor Rodney, Yankee brigand. He visits his friend Rainy, rents six safety boxes in his vault, and learns of the coming of the Worthingtons, the American millionaire mine-owner, and his family. Rodney meets the family, and learns that Don Jose, his partner, has fallen in love with Ethel Worthington. Rodney is infatuated with Juanita Corbina, a Spanish dancer, who reciprocates his love, but is very jealous. Her agent sees Rodney put six bags of gold in Rainy's safe, and later she tells Rodney. Because of her knowledge, and the appearance of Worthington in Vera Cruz, Rodney decides to leave for the hot lands. He and Jose plan to meet at the water-hole at midnight. Before Rodney leaves he warns La Jose against rash actions.

This story began in Ledger No. 41, dated Oct. 12. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, or from our newsdealers or agents.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ABDUCTION AND THE PURSUIT.

JUANITA did not sing Spanish romance that night at the Cafe Plaza, but lounged on the portico of her villa and watched the myriad lights on the white yacht that swung restlessly at her mooring in the harbor, and breathed fierce curses on the fair Senorita of the North. Juanita thought Rodney had left her to go aboard the white yacht with Rainy, and her rage against Rodney became as inscrutable as her love for him, and her eyes glowed like orbs of fire. Occasionally she glanced at the long, slender blade of the poniard which she held in her hand and she smiled wickedly. There was magic in the silvery flashes, and so watching the slender death tool and dreaming of what it could do, Juanita fell asleep.

Senor Rodney was out in the waste land watching the yellow stars and whistling a melody about a Broadway Dream Girl when sleep closed Juanita's eyes. Simultaneously Ethel Worthington was dreaming of the American she had met at the bungalow who called himself only Senor Rodney, as she strolled thru the plaza with Duke Crombon. They were on their way to the launch to go aboard the yacht and the Duke was pointing out the city's beauty by moonlight and berating the Yankee admiral who allowed his gunners to shoot down several of the high towers to eradicate the activity of Mexican snipers when the sailors came ashore and captured the city. The Duke and Ethel were passing thru a remote part of the plaza, near a heavy growth of palms, and the shadows were deep. Duke Crombon was too deeply engrossed in berating the Yankees to see the powerful horse that chafed and pawed in the gloom of the palms. Nor did he see Senor La Jose, who stood but an arm's length away, twisting his roguish mustache, a large sombrero pulled forward over his eyes and buckled under his chin in rurale fashion.

When the Duke was at the climax of one of his most enthusiastic outbursts of how the common regular soldiers of the Yankee regiments actually pillaged stores and churches while taking the city, and how the negligent officers permitted heinous outrages, La Jose darted forward into the promenade and tripped him, caught up Ethel Worthington in his arms and carried her to his big horse in the shadows. Duke Crombon jumped to his feet when he heard Ethel scream and rushed after La Jose. The Duke would have grasped the bridle of La Jose's horse, but the Spaniard fired a revolver shot dangerously near the Duke's feet. The Duke fled and so did La Jose.

That shot in a remote part of the plaza sounded to many moonlight strollers like the signal for a new revolution. Vera Cruz was used to revolutions, and the scene was well set for one, with a powerful American millionaire in mysterious council with the president. Furthermore, the banquet still was in session. Soon an excited crowd gathered at the scene where La Jose had fired his pistol, and the crowd grew to a mob as sleepy-eyed, half-dressed persons arrived and listened with hanging jaws while the Duke told the police of his vain attempt to rescue Miss Worthington from a fierce-faced bandit.

Three rurales were called from their beds, and they took plenty of time dressing and arming, since there were three or four men in the republic with fair sized armies who claimed the presidency, and it was a simple matter to desert to another faction if they did not receive the kind of treatment they expected. This gave La Jose a good start.

La Jose's vanity whetted his desire to show his gross contempt for Vera Cruz police and so he raced his big horse thru the most important street leading south from the plaza and past the temporary palace of the president. J. J. Worthington, accompanied by Rainy and several rascals and villains, just leaving the president's headquarters after the banquet, was astounded beyond speech when La Jose raced by with his daughter. J. J. Worthington stood like a statue for a moment, and then exploded like a volcanoe. He shouted and cursed the crowd of natives and other passers-by who gathered, and the crowd laughed and gibed him in Spanish. Finding his shouting and cursing were futile, Worthington composed himself and offered ten thousand dollars in gold to anybody who would recover his daughter and bring in her abductor, dead or alive. Several ex-rurales who were mounted and who had been attracted by the crowd made a dash for their hatrack steeds. Immediately there was a clatter of hoofs and the crowd screamed and surged as the riders darted away on the man hunt.

Sleep fell from the eyes of every man, woman and child in Vera Cruz when at first a report swept thru the town that a fresh revolutionary faction had sacked the barracks, slain the president's guard and was on the very portals of the temporary palace. Along the way police rushed into the street to halt the fleeing [illegible] on the big black horse, but when [illegible]se fired his guns the police fled to the casements and cursed him and brandished their sabers. And La Jose shouted as he dashed along, firing in front and behind him. La Jose's Spanish blood was thoroly aroused, and coursed thru his veins like molten lead, and at such times he could best a whole Mexican army, or at least scare it. Near Juanita's villa three policemen rushed into the street and shouted to him to halt by order of the president of the republic.

"To h—l with the president, his order, the republic and the police!" shouted La Jose, and fired at them as they fled.

When the shots rang out the people along the way crowded the porches and porticos and a face peered from every window. Everybody was excited and feared a fresh revolution had been born by the coming of J. J. Worthington. Juanita, still wrapped in slumber on the portico, was awakened by the noise, and her primary fear was that Rodney had consumed too much Madrid wine, had had nobody to sing a hero song to quiet him, and was attempting to drive the police force into the prison, or else the soldiers of the republic were after him for robbing the gold train in the hot lands. As she bent over a rail of the portico the hoof beats of the horse drew nearer and she saw two policemen rush into the middle of the street and draw their sabers, but a series of explosions punctuated their demands to halt and they also fled and cursed the rider. Juanita laughed joyously when the police fled, and her laughter grew fiendish when she saw the rider was La Jose carrying off the fair Senorita of the North.

Juanita was overjoyed because the Senorita who had made her heart ache with jealousy and had caused her to quarrel with the Senor would bother her no more.

Meanwhile La Jose rode fearlessly toward the waste land. He laughed and shouted at the police who fled from the big, black Yankee pistol he fired recklessly and brandished at them. He could have taken a shorter route out of Vera Cruz, but he desired to show Juanita his prize. Outside Vera Cruz, La Jose abandoned the road. Dodging in and out of cactus clumps, palm groves and high reeds, skirting rolling mounds and dashing across open sandy spaces, he wended his way toward the watering place. The heat was terrific, he had covered only six miles, with three to go, and his horse already was winded and tired and covered with white foam and the rurales trailed him well. Still, he forced his horse over the sandy stretches and kept out of sight. But they were dangerously near when La Jose was within a short distance of the watering place, so he swung his mount into the beaten desert road, grasped the limp body of Ethel Worthington more firmly, and dug in the spurs. But the rurales saw him reach the road and lessened the gap between themselves and the ten-thousand-dollar reward. La Jose swung in the saddle and fired at them and in the exchange of shots a bullet punctured his lung. Death laid its cold hand upon him and he knew it. Tenaciously he clung to the saddle and the Senorita with the beautiful blue eyes and golden hair, and in a dying effort dug in the spurs once more.

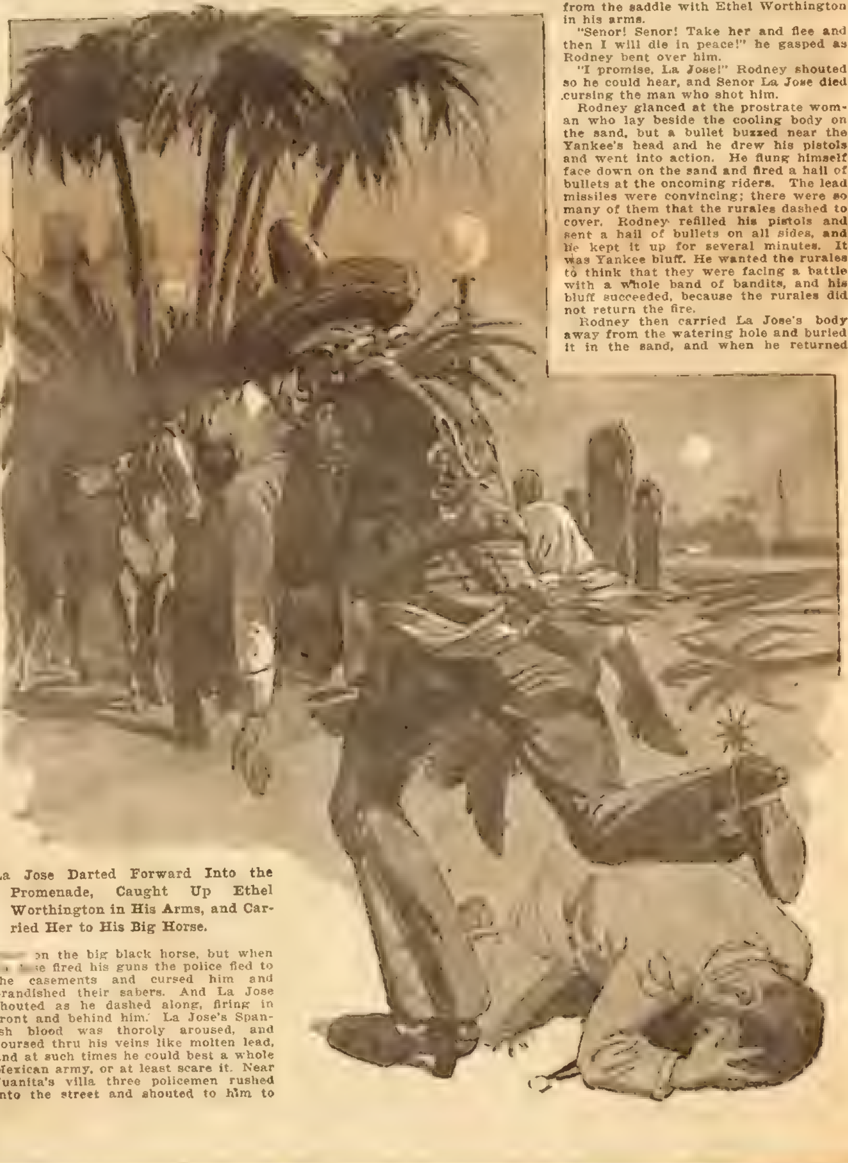
Nothing but wonderful nerve kept the life in his body, and when his horse plunged up to the watering place he fell from the saddle with Ethel Worthington in his arms.

"Senor! Senor! Take her and flee and then I will die in peace!" he gasped as Rodney bent over him.

"I promise, La Jose!" Rodney shouted so he could hear, and Senor La Jose died cursing the man who shot him.

Rodney glanced at the prostrate woman who lay beside the cooling body on the sand, but a bullet buzzed near the Yankee's head and he drew his pistols and went into action. He flung himself face down on the sand and fired a hail of bullets at the oncoming riders. The lead missiles were convincing; there were so many of them that the rurales dashed to cover. Rodney refilled his pistols and sent a hail of bullets on all sides, and he kept it up for several minutes. It was Yankee bluff. He wanted the rurales to think that they were facing a battle with a whole band of bandits, and his bluff succeeded, because the rurales did not return the fire.

Rodney then carried La Jose's body away from the watering hole and buried it in the sand, and when he returned



La Jose Darted Forward Into the Promenade, Caught Up Ethel Worthington in His Arms, and Carried Her to His Big Horse.

the woman had recovered and was sitting up. She recognized him and her lips moved, but Rodney spoke first:

"You must come with me now," he said kindly. He then picked up the blanket and bent down and wrapped it about her shoulders. He wondered if a revolt was on in Vera Cruz and assumed that La Jose had abducted Ethel Worthington while the different factions opened the strife in the streets. Rodney would have liked to sit down on the sand beside the American girl, allay her fears, and find out all about it, but he feared the rurales might return with others and renew the battle. So he placed his strong arms about her and lifted her to her feet, and then to the saddle of La Jose's steaming horse. He then mounted his own horse, caught the rein of her mount and moved off into the wastes toward his lodge in the hills that flanked the hot lands in the west.

All night they rode in silence beneath the yellow stars and when the first pink shaft of dawn flushed the sky in the east the silent riders began ascending the hills. Ethel Worthington was too badly shaken up and fatigued to care where she was being taken. She knew her second captor was an American and did not seem brutal, so she closed her eyes and clung to the horn of the high Spanish saddle. Once during the climb they stopped, she knew, and the American dismounted and led the horses, and they went up, up for hours, it seemed, and the next time the horses stopped everything became a blank. Ethel Worthington had lost consciousness and fell from the saddle into Rodney's arms, and he carried her to a rough lodge hidden among huge gray bowlders, wrapped her in blankets, made her as comfortable as possible, and she slept like a tired child for many hours.

The inhabitants of Vera Cruz were somewhat alarmed when the rurales returned empty handed and circulated a report that they had been driven back by an army of brigands who had shouted "Down with Senor Worthington and the president!" A sanguinary revolution was feared, so the police force was immediately doubled and a strong rurale guard was placed about the temporary palace of the president.

Mrs. Worthington, who could not stand the fear and worry since Ethel had been taken into the hot lands by ruffians and probably murdered or undoubtedly abused while being held for ransom, collapsed and was taken aboard the yacht in a precarious state. But J. J. Worthington was not sick. He paced up and down the deck of his floating palace, and ordered the crew to be prepared to unseal the four small guns, bring them on deck and mount them. He was mad, baffled, outraged, and somewhat frightened, but helpless. He cursed because he knew he could get no immediate action on the part of the United States. He was helpless for the first time in his life, and the word the rurales had brought in regarding an army of brigands annoyed him immensely. He feared other interests were working against him, and it was apparent that somebody had bribed the police or else his daughter never could have been abducted from the plaza in such a bold manner.

J. J. Worthington grew warmer and warmer under the collar because he thought the president was becoming too negligent, and when he no longer could stand it he ordered a launch and went ashore to upbraid and reprimand his puppet.

When J. J. Worthington arrived at the president's temporary palace he found that high official servant of the republic and some of his hirelings fearfully upset. The president had heard that an army of bandits, headed by a new champion in the cause of liberty, had leagued against the rotten government, and the president already felt the potential and ghoulish hand of death hovering over him. Moreover, the coming of J. J. Worthington added to the president's fears. Worthington walked into the temporary palace just as tho he owned it, ceremony thrown to the winds, a huge, black cigar clinched between his muscular jaws.

Worthington stood and gazed at the president with grand contempt, and the president licked his lips and bowed. Then Worthington's cold eyes swept the president's hirelings and they also licked their lips and stole away like whipped wolves.

"Will the Senor sit?" asked the president meekly.

"Sit and be d—d!" exclaimed Worthington wrathfully. "That's all you lazy louts do in this country. You sit until somebody sits on you; then the next one sits until somebody sits on him. Maybe if I'd hire a live bandit to tackle your job, you'd wake up. And maybe if I'd hire a bandit to guard the wagons coming from my gold mine instead of your worthless rurales—lazy, irresponsible slaves—I would not lose any more gold. Nice business man and a nice sort of government you keep," sneered the millionaire.

"Mister President, this is very, very loose directorship. Your mailed-fist policy seems to be made of feathers. I'm robbed of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold. The robbers escape with it, what's more disgusting. You write me letters in which you throw up your hands and ask what you can do! You do not even so much as send out a pack of your hobo soldiers to scour the country. The trouble with you, my dear Mister President, is that you have been driven from Mexico City thru your poor business tactics and now you are afraid to meddle with conditions in this district for fear you will be pushed into the sea.

"I was forced to hurry down here in my yacht to give you some nerve, spur you to action, show you how to make millions for yourself, by getting hold of certain valuable properties. I even overlooked the gold robbery, but showed you how to thwart others that may be tried. Your army needs organization, and I promised to secure tried and perfectly trained men to lead it—Americans who learned soldiering in the United States Army, who have served in the Army, and on whom you could depend. They would be well paid and you could trust them because they would not have any desire to secure the presidency of Mexico. These men would pay your soldiers more money, drill them, organize them as all armies should be organized. The soldiers would fight for you like devils and win for you simply because they would be well paid, well cared for. They would worship you and their officers. You would become rich and powerful and so would I. In the end your name would go down in Mexican history as the greatest president. You'd be able to whip the wolves who now are hounding you. You would be able to remodel the republic to your own liking, while other great millionaires and myself would stand behind you.

"But you seem to be an impossible weakling in politics; a mighty poor boss in spite of the fact that I have been giving you an excellent correspondence course in how American political bossism should be applied successfully in this country by you! I hardly set my feet in your headquarters here when some brigand snatched my daughter from the public square and carried her into the wilds!" snarled Worthington, and his fist landed on a frail table with a thud that startled the president, who feared bombs.

The president looked at the figures in the rich carpet and squirmed like a bad boy being admonished by his father for stealing, throwing stones and breaking windows. Worthington's chest was swelled and he breathed hard like an infuriated bull.

"Have you sent that lazy, vagabond cavalry to rescue my daughter and break up that band of robbers, who will chase you from this city if you don't get a move on you? Have you sent your agents to either buy out that other mine owner—providing he will sell out at our price—or put him out of the way and secure the property for me? Have you done a lot of other important things for me, which you promised?" vitriolically exclaimed Worthington.

"Senor, the cavalry has gone into the hot lands and will bring back Senorita Ethel, and kill her captor. I promise this on my life," said the president meekly. "I comply with your orders as quickly as possible, but certain things take time, Senor, when the republic is torn by revolution and three other men with strong armies back of them are fighting for possession of the government. What you say is all very well, but it cannot be done at once. Were I to carry out your orders at once there are traitors among my followers who would slit my throat inside of a week and drag my mutilated body thru the plaza for the crowds to spit upon. The mobs who favor me today would curse and kick my dead body tomorrow and laud the man who slit my throat." The president shivered, and bowed respectfully to his American boss.

Worthington frowned and blew a puff of cigar smoke into the president's face, and growled: "Conditions are bad! I will go back to my yacht and await the return of my daughter! She must be returned inside of twelve hours! Understand!" roared Worthington. "If she isn't, one flip of my finger will cause you to be deposed and your own people who trust you will cut you down like a dog for selling them out!"

Worthington glared at the Mexican, closed his jaws hard and waited for a reply, but the president only bowed, and the American blew another puff of cigar smoke in his face, whirled about and walked out of the palace.

## CHAPTER VI.

## IN THE WASTE LANDS.

RAINY and Duke Crombon hovered near Mrs. Worthington, who was propped up on a big chair on the deck of the yacht. Rainy was enticed by the excellent brand of whisky and enjoyed political discussions with Worthington when that gentleman was not raving and pacing up and down the deck.

The inhabitants of Vera Cruz wondered at the strange and mystifying events, and the kidnaping was the topic of the hour. It swept the city like a blaze of fire and burned on the tongues of the gossips. Everybody in the foreign colonies asserted that Senor Rodney was an accessory to the abduction because

(Continued on Page 17.)

"Tell Me How To be Beautiful"

Get Rid of All Pimples, Blackheads and Skin Eruptions. Purify the Blood With Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Surely Do Give a Lovely Complexion.

The reason why Stuart's Calcium Wafers beautify the skin is their natural tendency to seek the surface.

The wonderful calcium sulfide is one of the natural constituents of the human body. You must have it to be healthy. It enriches the blood, invigorates skin health, dries up the pimples and boils, eczema and blotches, enables new skin of fine texture to form and become clear, pinkish, smooth as velvet and refined to the point of loveliness and beauty. This is "how to be beautiful." Stop using creams, lotions, powders and bleaches which merely hide for the moment. Get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store today.

And if you wish to give them a trial send the coupon below.

Free Trial Coupon

F. A. Stuart Co., 689 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name ....

Street .

City.................. State..........

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

BEWARE!

Don't Wear a Truss

With a round face pad that is continually spreading your rupture larger. This is a timely warning that will save you many dollars, many regrets, a lot of misery and a dangerous operation. I have a Hollow Cushion Shield that is better than a Pad and will not spread your rupture. It is cheap. No regrets. No misery. No strangulation. This is the Cure that made Ceresco famous. Send for a Free Booklet.

J. L. Brennan, 100 Main St., Ceresco, Mich.

To Promptly Clear Out Rats, Mice

and bugs, Simply Note which foodstuff they are after, and stir Rough on Rats into a removed portion of it. Having no odor or taste they naturally eat it. "Don't Die In The House." "*Always Does the Work and Does It Right.*" End them all to-night with a 35c or 50c box. At Drug and General Stores. Used the world over. Used by U. S. Govt. *Try it.*

COUGHING SPELLS BREAK YOUR REST

Put a stop to them with old reliable Dr. King's New Discovery

That raw, hoarse throat must be soothed. That phlegm-loaded chest must be loosened. That cough must be checked so you can sleep.

Dr. King's New Discovery has been relieving colds, and coughs for half a century without the least disagreeable after-effects.

Your druggist has it because it is well-known and in big demand.

Try this for Constipation

Keep the bowels on schedule time with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the system freed from poisonous wastes, the complexion clear, the stomach sweet, the tongue uncoated, the breath untainted. Mild yet positive in action.

$1.00 PANTS MADE TO MEASURE

Not $1.00, not even 50 cents, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy styles, belt loops, golf bottoms, pearl buttons, all FREE. Before you buy a suit or pants, before you take another order, get our free samples and new offer.

We Have a New Deal That Will Open Your Eyes

Agents of other tailoring houses please write too. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, everywhere. No matter where you live or what you do, write us a letter or postal and ask for this wonderful, new, free tailoring deal. Costs nothing. Write today. Address

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO

Dept 72, Chicago, ILL.

Elegant 21 Jewel Gold Filled Watch

Popular 16 size for men or 12 size for boys. Open face or hunting style case, very fine gold filled, plain polish or handsomely engraved. Fitted with an elegant movement, stamped and guaranteed

21 JEWELS ADJUSTED

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS' SERVICE

$7.95

THIN MODEL

C. O. D.

21 Jewels

Our special price for a short time only, $7.95. Fully worth double. Send us your name and address and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it send us only $7.95 and it is yours. If not satisfied after ten days' trial, we will gladly refund your money. You take no risk. ORDER NOW.

MEDILL & CO., 8 Dearborn St., Dept. 7A, CHICAGO

$1 a Week Black Beauty

Raciest, best-built "bike" money can buy. Guar. 5 yrs. 18 big features. Direct from factory at wholesale price.

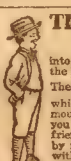
$10 FIRESTONE BLUE NON-SKID TIRES

"Sager" grips; special "B-B" sprocket, coaster brake; motorbike frame, handlebar, front fork, pedals, dashing color designs.

FREE—Stand, Tools and Bag. Black beauty is yours on easy plan of small deposit on acceptance, then $1 a week. Send no money—see wheel first. Keep it or return at our expense. We pay freight.

Shpd on Approval WRITE for FREE CATALOG.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., (Estab. 23 yrs.) Dept. K-38, Philadelphia



HEY! LET GO!
HELP
KLUB

Throw your VOICE

into the cellar. Under the bed or anywhere. The Ventrilo which fits into the mouth, will enable you to fool all your friends. 10 cts by mail. with Instructions. ARDEE Pub. Co. Box T Stamford Conn.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.25 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 245.

MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

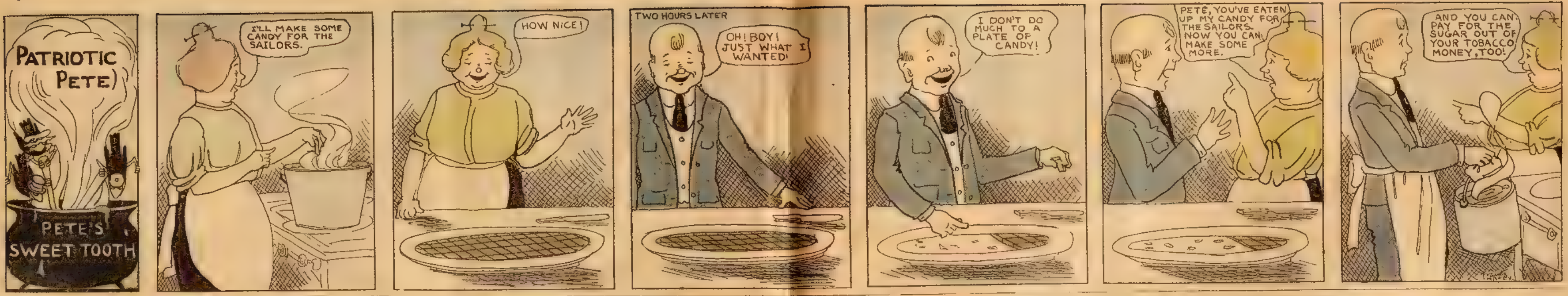
Pain Paint

Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders, with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint relieves pain: Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia; cools the parts where applied. Superficial burns will not blister. Sold 40 years by agents.

R. L. WOLCOTT & SON, 30 Wolcott Bldg New York

New Feather Bed $13.25

Full weight 36 lbs. A pair 6 lb. Pillows to match $2.45. New, Live, Clean Feathers. Best featherproof ticking. Sold on Money Back Guarantee. Write for FREE catalog. Agents wanted. American Feather & Pillow Co. Desk 130 Nashville, Tenn.


PATRIOTIC PETE
PETE'S SWEET TOOTH
I'LL MAKE SOME CANDY FOR THE SAILORS.
HOW NICE!
TWO HOURS LATER
OH! BOY! JUST WHAT I WANTED!
I DON'T DO MUCH TO A PLATE OF CANDY!
PETE, YOU'VE EATEN UP MY CANDY FOR THE SAILORS. NOW YOU CAN MAKE SOME MORE.
AND YOU CAN PAY FOR THE SUGAR OUT OF YOUR TOBACCO MONEY, TOO!

### Swift Peace.

Premier Lloyd George, speaking at a dinner, was explaining that while war was a horrible thing, it developed nations faster than any other one thing. He pointed out that war brought about more inventions, more medical discoveries, and developed more poets and writers than did peace. It has even extended to private families. Continuing he said:

"A friend of mine recently became the proud father of a lusty boy. For three nights he bravely walked the floor, but on the fourth, when he came home from the office, he brought with him a bottle of soothing sirup

"'Oh, James,' exclaimed his wife when she saw the label. 'What did you buy that for? Don't you know it is dangerous to give to a child of this age?

"'Don't worry,' retorted her husband 'I am going to take it myself'

### Too Easy.

Newlywed (explaining poker)—"Now, if you get a poor hand you want to bluff, and if you get a good hand you want to make a bluff that you're bluffing. Now there are two ways of bluffing; one is to bluff, the other not to bluff.—If you're a regular bluffer you can often bluff by not bluffing and——"

Mrs. Newlywed—"I see, John, dear but that game is too ridiculously easy! Let's play checkers."

### Wayside Episode.

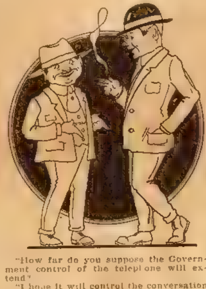
There was a man in our town and he
was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush and
scratched his nose and eyes.
Of course his face looked pretty bad,
but that was better far
Than if he'd let himself be hit. He
jumped to dodge a car.

### As Usual.

A divorce scandal was being discussed in the presence of English Ambassador Reading

"Poor Smith," a banker sighed "To fall at the age of 69! He'd climbed to the very top of the moral ladder, too. In fact, he was a Sunday school superintendent. How strange that at 69 Smith should fall from the ladder's top!"

"But wasn't there a woman at the bottom of it?" asked Reading.



"How far do you suppose the Government control of the telephone will extend?"

"I hope it will control the conversation of my wife and the neighbors."

Waiter (hinting for a tip)—"And how did you find the steak, sir?"
Diner—"Oh, I just moved that little piece of potato and there it was!"

### Pigheaded.

Ex-Ambassador Gerard was discussing Germany

"When a German gets to talking about Germany's supremacy there is no reasoning with him. He is as unreasonable and pigheaded as the drug clerk

"A customer asked the drug clerk one hot morning for a plain seltzer

"What flavor?" asked the clerk, vanilla, chocolate, or what?"

"No flavor," said the customer, "a plain one. Without flavor. Don't you understand?"

"Yah, I understand" said the clerk, "But what flavor you want him mitout—mitout vanilla, or mitout chocolate?"

### Snobbishness.

Baron Reading said in an after-dinner speech in Washington

"The war has done one good thing for England. It has broken up our almost incredible snobbishness.

"I heard a story about our snobbishness the other day. A duchess was talking of a self-made knight, just deceased, who had subscribed liberally to her charities.

"'Poor dear Sir Thomas!' she said. 'So he is dead, is he? Poor Sir Thomas! I couldn't know him in London, but we shall meet in heaven.'"

### A Mistaken Conception.

"What's wrong with Glithers?"

"He has a mistaken conception of his duty as a citizen."

"Yes?"

"He won't put his shoulder to the wheel. He wants other people to do that, while he stands on one side and jots down the number of revolutions it makes."

### Taken on Trust.

"Our product is thoroly tested before leaving the factory No man can sell stuff today that has not been tested."

"We manage to sell our product without testing it"

"That's odd What do you sell?"

"Dynamite"

### So Some Figure.

"As regards husbands, a good many married women seem to figure it this way"

"Huh?"

"They might have done better and couldn't have done worse"

### Country Board.

"I'm tired of canned beef," complained the summer boarder. "Some fish wouldn't go bad."

"That's easily fixed," responded the genial farmer. "Ezry, open a can of sardines."

### Just the Man.

"I'm thinking of going into the poultry business"

"Then I'm the very man you want to meet. I can supply your needs. I'm thinking of going out of the poultry business."

### Lucky Man.

"I know just about everybody in this town," remarked the prominent citizen

"Lucky man!" replied Miss Cayenne. "No matter what wrong number the telephone operator gives you you can always find some one to talk to."

### Bright.

Muggins—"He's a pretty bright sort of fellow, isn't he?"

Buggins—"Bright? I should say he is. He has to wear smoked glasses every time he looks at himself in the mirror."

### Too Big to Miss.

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by the Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking car, and it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious

"Well, [illegible]" said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he now, sir? Hafter all's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

### No Thought of Self.

"Josh writes that he's fighting hard for a speedy victory," remarked Farmer Corntossel.

"Yes," commented his wife, "that boy's got the right spirit. He's going to do his duty and wind up the war, altho he knows perfectly well that as soon as it's over he'll have to go right back to school."

### Not Very Musical.

"Poor Jones. He is not very musical."

"He is not."

"No—he doesn't carry but two tunes in his head."

"Oh, I see—the airs of his head are numbered."

### Her Terms.

She—"I hear you are engaged to an actress."

He—"Yes, but I tried to break it off."

She—"Indeed, and what are her terms?"

He (sadly)—"Ann[illegible]tion or indem[illegible]."

### Discussing the Pay Roll.

"I[illegible]ggins a dollar [illegible] year man?"

"No [illegible] he It's about [illegible]at he's worth [illegible]ut several [illegible] thousand less [illegible] than [illegible] he gets."

### Quite True.

"They say we will have to cut down on our gas and electricity."

"Yes; ours is a dark outlook."

### Doubtful.

"How's your war garden, old man?"

"There's a cutworm drive on at present."

### Some Exceptions.

Secretary McAdoo, in commenting on the sales of War Savings Stamps, took occasion to remark upon the splendid work done by the pretty motion-picture actresses

"It's a funny thing," he remarked "but I know of hundreds of cases where men had refused to buy stamps from other men, but later bought them from the screen beauties. I heard of one, however, who was an exception

"'Why didn't you buy your War Stamps from me,' asked the girl, and added, 'some other girl was prettier, I suppose'

"'On the contrary I bought mine of a girl who [illegible] plain enough so that I could get a little credit for being a patriot.'"

### Taking No Chances.

Katherine Stinson, the famous aviatrix, who is doing her best to win a commission in the Flying Squadron and go to France, gave her idea of the Germans at a dinner the other day. She said.

"Nobody believes them—take Switzerland for example.

"Germany, not long ago, solemnly swore to Switzerland that its neutrality would not be violated. Switzerland's answer was to send out a hurry-up order for 350,000 gas masks"

### Present Employment.

Tomson (during old home week)—"What's Bill Clark doing now?"

Native—"Waal, if he was half as good as his tombstun says he was, I cal'late he's tunin' up a golden harp."

### Anagram.

119—My first is in line, but not in rope.
My second is in life, but not in hope.
My third is in burn, but not in tear.
My fourth is in time, but not in pair
My fifth is in tear, but not in sob
My sixth is in steal, but not in rob
My seventh is in yesterday, but not in tomorrow
My eighth is in bend, but not in borrow.
My ninth is in sore, but not in hurt
My tenth is in gowns, but not in shirt.
My eleventh is in dollars, but not in cents.
My whole is something everybody in the United States should own.

### Buried Proverb.

120—In each of the following sentences a word is concealed When the words are selected and read in the order here given they will form a familiar proverb

1 A naughty cat ran away
2 They found a closely written roll in gathering up the rubbish
3 It is the best one that I have ever seen.
4 The rug at her stairway is not a valuable one
5 He is an old acquaintance of mine
6 Amos soon saw thru the stratagem

### Divided Cities.

121—The names of twelve cities have been broken up into syllables. Properly arranged the names will appear Don, Is, Co, Gus, San, Hid, Ice, Cis, Mo, Lu, Li, Co, Par, Lin, Fran, Roc, Ber, Bon, Gen Lon, Ha, Ma, Lu, Au, Ven, Mad, Hon, Ta, Lis, Pen, Co, O.

### Four Word Square.

122—1. Always in a street band
2 A girl's name
3 A whole thing
4. A companion

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

#### 115. Who Can Guess Me?

Opportunity. 2, 5, 9, 8 and 10—print; 3, 4, 4 and 5—poor; 6, 9, 8 and 11—tiny; 7, 8, 9 and 10—unit.

#### 116. Jumbled Animals.

1. Tiger. 2 Deer 3. Camel. 4. Lion 5 Kangaroo 6. Monkey. 7 Groundhog. 8. Moose 9. Elephant. 10. Giraffe

#### 117 Anagram.

Byron.

#### 118. Diagonal Puzzle.

S C O U T
C A U S E
O U T E R
U S E R S
T E R S E

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

### Indisputably a Phenomenon.

What is a phenomenon?' asked one workman of another

It is like this: Suppose you were to go out into the country and see a field of thistles growing"

Yes

Well that wouldn't be a phenomenon'

No, that's quite clear," agreed the other man

But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky"

Yes'

Well, that wouldn't be a phenomenon.

No; that also seems clear."

'But imagine there is a bull in the field"

Yes."

"Even that wouldn't be a phenomenon"

No"

But, now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles and whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon."

### Couldn't Understand.

"The problems which confront Uncle Sam in the present crisis are beyond the understanding of a great many people," declares Dr. Frank Bohm, the author and lecturer "Many of them remind me of a little story that I heard the other day"

'Pop'

Yes my son

"Why does a cow chew at night?"

'Well, my son, a cow takes food during the day, and then chews her cud at night'

'But say pop, isn't that hoarding food?'"

### One Woman and Another.

Gladys—"Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me'

Muriel—"How do you know?"

Gladys—"He says he is always thinking of me."

Muriel—"Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head

### Couldn't Fail.

"Is there any way to prevent my neighbors' predatory chickens from scratching up my garden seed"

'Oh, yes."

"For heaven's sake name it!"

"After planting the seed have your entire garden paved with concrete.'

### The New Form.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," began the old lawyer

Hearing a cough from his partner, he stopped abruptly.

"I beg pardon Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury"

### Learning to Love.

"Do you think you could ever learn to love me?" he asked as he gave her a squeeze

"I don't know," replied the summer girl "But go on with the course of instruction'

### Careless.

"Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear tonight in my hair?"

'Yes, mum, but——

"But what?"

'I've mislaid the hair, mum'

### His Luck.

Hobbs—"I sometimes get angry with my wife. She monopolizes all the closet room for her clothes, does yours?"

Dodds—"Oh, she allows me a sort of parking privilege for a suit or two."

### All Precautions Taken.

Nervous Gentleman—"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam rollers"

Cabby—"Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'orsepital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of a haccident?"

Aunt Mandy—"Hello, John! Hear you've got married. What kind of a match did you make?"

John—"Well, Auntie, I didn't do as well as I expected—but, to tell the truth, I don't think she did, either."

### Patience.

Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," was the favorite saying of an old farmer

He had just made this remark in a train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the next seat turned to him and said

"Nonsense, sir! I can tell you many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish."

"Perhaps you can," said the farmer, "but I have never yet come across one thing"

"Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?"

"Certainly"

"I would like to know how

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze."

### A Just Rebuke.

Since the tragic death of ex-Mayor Mitchel of New York his friends are telling all manner of stories about him One of the best concerns an office seeker who hastened to the mayor within an hour after the death of a certain official had been reported

The man hadn't even been buried when the office seeker reached the mayor and said breathlessly:

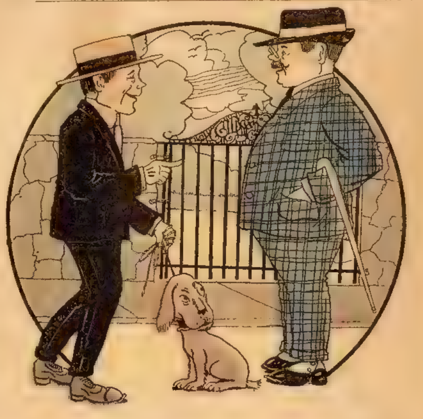
"Mr. Mayor, do you see any objection to my being put in poor Tom Smith's place?"

"Why, no," replied Mitchel. "I don't see any objection, if the undertaker doesn't."

### He Was Up to Date.

Little Johnnie, aged 7, was being admonished by his father for fighting with the boy next door. "I never got into a fight when I was a boy," said his parent

"I know, dad," said Johnnie; "but these are war times"



"That dog of yours looks thin'

"Yes. By the time we get ready to give him the bones there isn't nearly the meat left on them there used to be before the war."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

BY W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.4[illegible] each Agate Line; for Classified, 80 cents a word per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and the Saturday Blade combined.

These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

While all rights in stories in the Ledger upon which a copyright line appears are reserved by the publisher, any other material may be reproduced without charge, provided proper credit is given the Ledger.

# GENTLE JABS

Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it out.

Every thief would like to keep himself unspotted.

Even a truthful man can pose as a successful bait digger

Reputation is a bauble that man blows and then punctures.

Rumor has caused many a good nerve to stick in the mud.

Always view a scene with a mule in it from the foreground.

If you want to get up with the lark, go to bed without one.

Poverty develops either a woman's worst traits or her best ones.

Don't try to put on too many airs; it may make your friends cold.

At the age of 30 a woman regrets that her past didn't begin a year later.

When a baker makes his morning rounds the roll call is in order.

When told to take a back seat the average man will take affront.

The universal idea of a level-headed man is one who agrees with you.

Unless a man has good backing he is seldom able to put on a bold front.

Owls acquired a reputation for wisdom by saying one thing and sticking to it.

Never look for trouble, but when you meet it put up your most strenuous fight.

A man is never ridiculous for what he is, but for assuming to be what he isn't.

A man isn't necessarily a figurehead just because he has a good head for figures.

When a man's hair begins to get thin he needs either a hair tonic or a divorce.

And if remorse were the advance agent of temptation there would be less sin in the world.

Occasionally a man declines a nomination for office—if there is no chance for his election.

After a woman has married twice for love her woman friends consider her hopelessly queer.

Giving advice sometimes prevents another man from making a fool of himself—by not heeding it.

When a fellow boasts that he can't be bought it may be a sign that he hasn't been offered enough.

A man isn't necessarily unhappy just because a woman marries him to reform him. She may fail.

Fully two-thirds of a woman's troubles result from reasoning with her heart instead of her head.

It sometimes happens that when a man offers to stake his reputation on a thing he would win by losing.

The book of life is an arithmetic in which the answers to the problems are conspicuous on account of their absence.

# THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

WHEN we read in the newspapers the other day that Bulgaria had thrown up her hands and quit, that Turkey was heartily wishing herself out of the struggle, that Austria would willingly leave Germany to fight it out alone, many of us began to realize that the beginning of the end was in sight. The war is not over by a long shot, but we may be pardoned for thinking of how splendid it will be to have peace again. War has so thoroly dominated everything for the last few years that it is hard to remember just how we did feel and act before there was a war to absorb all our attention. It is a relief nowadays to pick up a publication and not find it crammed full of war stories. Most of us would be satisfied to forget all about it as much as possible—if we could afford to forget that our country and our loved ones are in it to stick to the finish. However, it is a relief to be able to let our mind wander to other things and to relax and read stories in which the war is not mentioned.

IT IS such a story that will be featured in the Ledger next week. It is called "The Mystery of No. 1313," and it is one of those stories of action and mystery and adventure and love which made the Ledger famous. Old time readers of the Ledger will know just what that means and new ones will know, after reading this story, just why the Ledger caught the public fancy so many years ago and why today it is the favorite story paper in hundreds of thousands of homes. After reading the first installment you will have one kick coming—that you must wait a week before you go on with the story, and each succeeding week you will be keener and keener to reach the final installment and discover just what was the great mystery overhanging No. 1313 and, incidentally, just how two most lovable young men succeeded in working out their tan[illegible] heart

CAN you imagine a man falling in love with a voice—a sweet, tinkling sort of a voice to be sure—but coming from a person whom you cannot see because you are blindfolded, and you have given your word of honor that you will not remove the blind? Can you picture being in love and not knowing whether she is a blonde or a brunette or a red headed girl, or whether she is short and fat or lean and tall? Yet that is what happens to one of these men in "The Mystery of No. 1313." And the other? Oh, he fell in love with a face, a face that revealed hate and aversion for him, the face of a girl whom he had every reason to believe was associated with crooks and shady dealings. But the love element is not the principal story by any means. If we did not hesitate to indulge in cruelty we would hold back the final installment and dare you to guess the solution of the mystery and be pretty safe in wagering that none of you would do it. That is how much we think of "The Mystery of No. 1313." Now we wonder if any of you are going to pass it up or whether you are going to order your Ledger delivered to you regularly for the next six weeks, so that you will be sure and not miss the story.

THAT little matter of ordering your Ledger ahead has grown from an accommodation to your agent into a patriotic duty. Conservation of paper is an absolute necessity under war conditions and the United States Government has taken steps and issued orders to save as much paper as possible. One of these orders prohibits publishers from taking back from agents unsold papers. In other days an agent who did not sell out could return unsold copies and not lose anything. Today if the agent does not sell out he loses money on each paper unsold. Most of our agents are young boys who are selling papers as a means of earning a few dollars for themselves. To have unsold copies left on their hands means a loss to them. As a result they order from us only those papers they know they can sell. If you don't tell the agent to save you a copy next week he may not order one for you and you'll be left in the cold.

IN OTHER days you could, thru the inconvenience of writing to us and inclosing the price of the paper you wished, get back copies without much trouble. Today we run off the press only those papers we actually need and a very few for emergency use. It will become harder and harder to get back copies, so that if you miss an installment of a serial in which you are interested you may have difficulty in getting the back copy in which it appeared. Be on the safe side and order it ahead.

WE WONDER how you like the departments we are running now. We would like to have you write us and tell us if you are pleased. A great many persons write to the editor, but not any more than he would like to hear from. So don't be bashful if you think you have a good suggestion. We might mention that Winifred Grey is getting quite a good many letters to answer in her column, "Your Heart Troubles Solved Here." Read it over and you may find the answer to your own problem.

The Editor.

# FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

### Signs of the Times.

At Waukesha, Wis.: Short Orders and Restaurant." Probably run separately, too.

The following appears on the stairway leading up from the Meramec River at Fern Glen, Mo.: "All persons, in bathing suits not, admitted to grounds."

This shows one what commercial efficiency is bringing the helpless purchasing public to. A dealer in St. Louis knows not only what he has, but to whom he proposes to sell it: "Girl's Bicycle for Sal."

On the shore of Lake Waukesha, Wis., these names appear on a row of cottages: Dew Drop Inn, Seldom Inn, Trouble Inn, Almost Inn, All Inn, Outside Inn.

### Last Word in Conservation.

In Chesterton, Ind., the city ambulance and hearse are combined.

### How They Classify 'Em.

"Wanted—Two goop interior painters."—Menasha (Wis.) Record.

### So the Cables Say.

A moving van in Kewanee, Ill., bears the information, "Dekeyser, Moving."

### Was the Sidewalk Fractured?

Otto Miller, one of the postal carriers, fell on his route yesterday.—Iowa City (Iowa) Citizen.

### Cute of Him.

A man with a large family calls his children weatherstrips, because they keep him out of the draft.

### The Prudent Tradesman.

A candid grocer on Detroit's Woodward avenue flaunts the sign: "Samuel E. Smith, the man who saves your money."

### Ah, Happy Day!

Mr. Happy Day has given up the advertising business for the oil trade. As a publicity man Hon. Happy was considered smooth.—Fort Worth Record.

### Signs of the Times.

Taken from the noble city of Dallas, Texas:

Shines, 5c.
Sat, Sun and Hollowday, 10c.

### To St. Helena? No, Berlin!

The Kaiser may as well retire from an unappreciative world. Napoleon Bonaparte is off for camp from Medford, Minn.

### That Vein of Humor Has Been Worked.

A local board in Chicago recently passed a man for limited service on the Mexican border who said he had Vera Cruz veins.

### They'll Get It, Too.

The Germans must have their Kultur. The Third and Fourth Army Corps, U. S. A., are commanded by Major Generals Read and Wright.

### English as She Is Writ.

For Sale—Will some kind person take a bull dog for a lady that her husband is in the service. Call Black 997.—Waterloo (Iowa) Times-Tribune.

### Now Where Did They Hit Him?

The location of the bullets dispatched by Mrs. Phillips indicated that the shots were fired as Phillips was walking away from his wife.—Santa Rosa Press-Democrat.

### Skins Will Win the War.

Before jumping in the bathtub and spoiling your hide communicate with Professor Stainsky of Colorado Springs, Colo., who "makes ladies' furs of your own skins."

### This Way, Lulu.

The Yodelers' club should consider Lulu I. Lee for soprano in their organization. She is cashier of the bank at Holt's Spur, Mo., and registers the high notes as well as lower dough.

### "When the Boys Come Home."

The "bone dry" bill was passed in the Senate on Friday, to take effect July 1, 1919, and continue during the war and until the American troops are brought home and demoralized.—Rochelle, Ill., Herald.

### Must Have Nine Lives.

After reading in the newspapers that General Korniloff, killed several times, is again alive, the editor of the Fort Smith (Ark.) Times-Record produces the following: "Nobody should pick out Russia as the place in which to be assassinated. There's absolutely no guaranty that he will remain dead."

# When Fate Decides

(Concluded From Page 13.)

he had vanished from the streets of Vera Cruz on the same night.

Senorita Juanita was as blithe as a lark and there even was more zest and fire in her cafe romance than ever before. But her heart still was sore. She dreamed and longed for revenge, loved, hated and hoped at the same time. Several times, when her hatred, caused by wild jealousy, nearly overwhelmed her, she was on the verge of telling the police about the gold pokes in Simon Rainy's safe, but had hesitated because she was not sure that Senor Rodney was in complicity in the kidnaping. So she waited and brooded, the jealousy, love and hate agonizing her. Fear and rage tormented her at times to a veritable fury; then again she would become moody, remorseful, and weep for hours. At times she feared lest the cavalry capture and put to death Senor Rodney, and when such fear filled her heart she called in a priest and had him pray for Rodney's safety while she wept.

While Juanita raved in Vera Cruz, Senor Rodney sat on the steps of his lodge in the hills, looked down into the hot lands below him at the stretches of sand and watched the sand clouds rise with squalls of hot wind. He compared the sudden storms to his own turbulent life. He was a wanderer, just like the winds that blew haphazardly over the hot lands and whirled the smothering clouds of sand into the eyes, mouths and noses of men and beasts who sometimes got off the beaten paths. Men cursed the turbulent winds, and men cursed him because he caused trouble. In most cases they cursed him without knowing him. Today he was a soldier of fortune and a bandit; tomorrow an idle gentleman, surrounded by luxury in some great city. Many times it had been New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Hong-Kong, St. Petersburg, Berlin—everywhere, anywhere. He was a man who gambled with life's games of chance with uncanny coolness, because he had to be cool, who preyed on the fortunes of the fortunate and applied his own principles of right and wrong; a fatalist who had no god, asking no forgiveness nor quarter from any man; who suffered anguish and despair, but smiled stoically at misfortune; a man who risked his life for others, who gave to others when they were in need; a man who treated triumph and disaster just the same; equal to all occasions, but capable of nothing when others depended upon him.

Suddenly Rodney flung meditation to the winds and laughed aloud at his own thoughts. Ethel Worthington stepped from the lodge door onto the porch just as he laughed. There was contempt in her eyes and on her face—hard, cold, cruel contempt mixed with a faint touch of admiration. She no longer was the thoughtless, care-free society girl, but a woman who realized the precariousness of her situation; who foresaw an imminent peril. Rodney turned his head slightly and gazed at her. He saw the mixture of courage and fear on her face—he saw the other change, and felt sorry, because kidnaping gentlewomen had never been in his line of endeavor. He did not know exactly what to do or say and her eyes burned him. Rodney got up and walked down the three steps and turned about and faced her:

"Miss Worthington, you need not fear me. I carried you off to fulfill the dying request of your first abductor. I assure you I knew nothing of the apparent plot. The man who carried you off was a trader—in fact, my partner. He was a vain Spaniard, and when he saw you he fell in love. He told me about his love for you while we sat in a cafe in Vera Cruz, and he was fearfully angry at Duke Crombon because he was your escort. We were supposed to leave the city last night on our trading trip farther on in the hills and waste lands. I left the city first and he asked me to wait for him at the watering place. I feared at the time he intended to fight a duel over some Spanish Senorita or cry out an insult against the president and then ride from the city. Besides, the rurales were close at hand. They hate a Yankee and my explanations would have been futile had they captured me. Had it not been for these things I would have escorted you back to Vera Cruz," said Rodney.

Ethel Worthington looked him full in the eyes and her fears took wings. His eyes were blue and there was nothing in them that would cause any woman to fear, and she tried to hate herself because she liked them.

It seemed to her that she had known him for a long time and it was her turn not to know just exactly what to do or say, and she looked down at the desert and watched the buzzards wheeling in great circles over some unfortunate man or his beast. But when she looked at Senor Rodney again his eyes were laughing at her and she had a great desire to laugh, too, but forced herself to look severe, and said:

"When will you take me back to Vera Cruz?"

"Soon," Rodney replied, and his eyes searched the hot lands.

"The authorities no doubt are searching for me now and if they capture you my father will not be satisfied until you are stood up against one of those stone walls and shot," she said with a severe look, and watched his face for a panic. But she was disappointed.

"Come, Miss Worthington, and I will show you the best quarters I can provide for you for the night, because it will be safer to stay here tonight," he said, and motioned toward the lodge door.

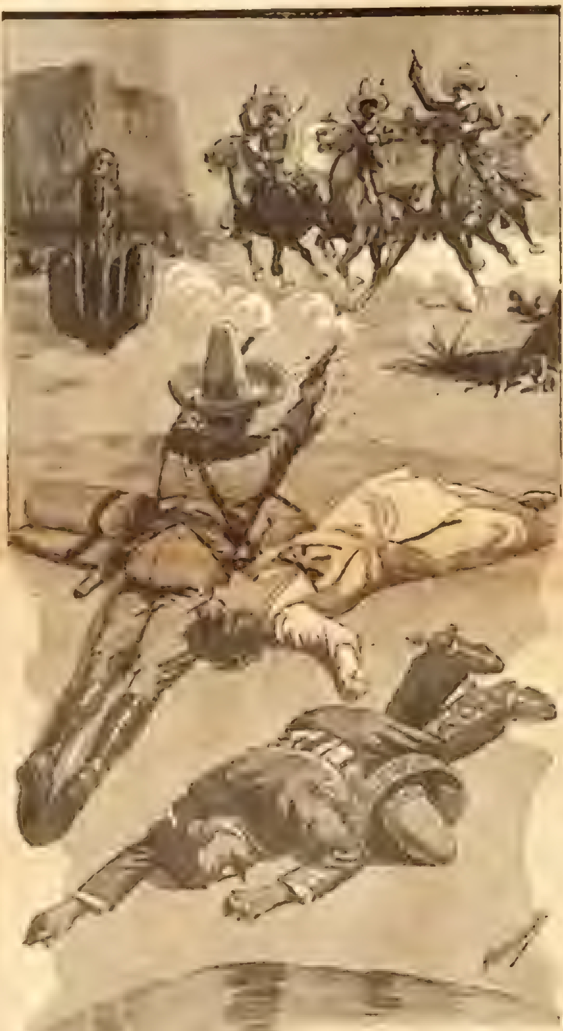
Rodney followed her into the lodge, and when he unrolled heavy blankets and told her that she would have to sleep on them Ethel shivered. He saw her shiver and thought it was because she thought the blankets he offered were not sufficient to protect her from the mountain chill, and he offered to give her the remaining blankets which he had held out for himself. But she objected and found it rather pleasant to argue with him.

"But you surely won't argue with one who is used to sleeping on the sand?" he asked, and she yielded. He stepped to the door of the lodge, bowed and left her.

Ethel Worthington was beautiful. She was not the kind of woman that newspaper reporters called beautiful simply because she was a prominent member of the Four Hundred and was heiress to millions; and Senor Rodney wondered why she had gone unplucked. But it occurred to him that her mother might have been saving her for a title, and he frowned; then when he thought of the Duke he laughed. He cast unpleasant things from his mind, and built a fire and put a copper pot full of water on, dropped in some coffee, waited for it to boil, and then glued his eyes on the waste lands.

Ethel wanted to go outside and sit and talk to Rodney. He was interesting, attractive to her, and she felt perfectly safe with him—much safer than she had ever felt with any other man. Besides, the lodge was damp. Still, she felt as tho she could live there and be satisfied if—she laughed softly at her fancies, and laid her hand upon the table. It came in contact with a leather-bound book, rather dusty and damp. It was a book of simple philosophy, she saw when she turned it to the light, and on the flyleaf was written in old-fashioned handwriting: "From Aunt Sally to Rodney Christmas, 1903."

She wondered who Rodney was. Outside he whistled a plaintive Spanish melody. Ethel listened a moment, then turned the pages of the book until she came to a passage which was marked with a blue pencil, and read:



He Flung Himself Face Down on the Sand and Fired a Hail of Bullets at the Rurales.

"If a lady is my captive, let her fancy me only an honest, simple-minded fellow, whose familiarities are so simple that she can pardon them; taking her hand in his and talking on; sometimes looking into her eyes, and then looking away into the sunshine for relief; sometimes prosy with narrative, and then sharpening up my matter with a few touches of honest pathos; let her imagine this, I say, and we may become the most excellent friends in the world."

Senor Rodney was standing in the doorway looking at Ethel when she looked up from the book, and when she met his gaze the book fell from her hands to the table, and she recalled the line in the paragraph: "And then looking away into the sunshine for relief." He continued looking at her, and she laughed to break the silence and walked past him to the narrow porch. He followed her, and together they drank hot black coffee and ate hard bread. She had never done this sort of thing before, but she relished the hot coffee and ate the bread, despite the fact that he told her a native woman had made it more than two months before. When she fell to discussing England and places on the continent he entertained her. He knew all about the most fashionable watering places and described them vividly. All the while Rodney talked his eyes wandered over the hot lands below them and occasionally he frowned. Once he got up and walked away and searched the great stretches below, and when he returned he told her that soon she would start for Vera Cruz

She took it for granted and was not in the least enthusiastic, and he was cognizant of her attitude. He was glad she felt safe with him, and told her so. But she pouted. The affair was losing its touch of romance and seemed more like a jaunt to the hills, and she did not care if the jaunt were prolonged; still, she tried to frighten him:

"But if you take me back to Vera Cruz the authorities will capture you and shoot you," she said, and hoped she would see some fear creep into his face, and when she did not see the fear she was disappointed and waxed a trifle angry.

But he turned his eyes upon her and said: "The authorities will praise me, and so will your father, Miss Worthington, if you will convince them that I rescued you and killed your captor."

"My mother, no doubt, is frantic—poor, dear mother, if she only knew—and my father frothing at the mouth, and I suppose that he has demanded, in the name of the United States, that the republic of Mexico either return me safely or suffer the consequences; furthermore, I feel certain that horsemen now are searching that big hot country down there for me," said Ethel, and swept her hand toward the great sweltering hot lands

"I've read the paragraph in your book of philosophy, Mr. Rodney," Ethel continued, and he smiled. "I feel sure it reflects your sentiment in this particular instance; then you are not a horrid brigand, and, besides, you only carried me off to fulfill a dying man's request and because your own life was in danger in the fight with the rurales. Tomorrow, you say, you will return me to my father and mother in Vera Cruz."

She was so sure of him, so haughty and independent and ironical, that it struck Rodney as being comical. She had planned it all out just how he was to treat her, escort her safely to Vera Cruz and place her on her father's yacht, and—probably order him away. He laughed inwardly and she looked at him then and saw the laughter in his eyes.

He said: "What if I should change my mind, Miss Worthington, and never return you to your parents in Vera Cruz? Or, say I were to hold you in some wild, mountain prison—what then? What if I were to fall in love with you? Love is a strange thing that turns men to tyrants and brings out the aggressive and more repulsive things in their nature, under certain circumstances," he remarked.

"That wouldn't be nice at all—most persons would think it terrilbe," she answered, without the least fear stealing into her face, and Rodney did not like her coolness.

Before, he had been afraid he would say or do something out of the way that would hurt her feelings or make her fear, and now when he did try to frighten her she would not believe him.

"But I am of two natures, Miss Worthington; sometimes I am mean and bad, and when I am in such a mood I am just as liable to hold you in these hills as to return you to Vera Cruz," he said lazily, and watched her face for fear.

"But that would not be in accordance with the paragraph you marked in the book," she replied bravely, and he thought he saw dreams in her eyes—wonderful dreams that only come into women's eyes.

"Perhaps not," he answered, "but pretty philosophy printed in leather-bound books has been violated by the authors very often before the ink dried on the original manuscripts. After all, philosophy is only sophistry, and sometimes those who read books of philosophy only mark certain paragraphs because they convey pleasant thoughts and affect the soft side of the reader's nature—and only at the moment—then the book is laid aside and the contents forgotten. I marked the paragraph which you read in that little book because it affected the soft side of my nature, but that was many years ago, Miss Worthington. The years that have passed between that Christmas night, when I read and marked that paragraph, and the present date, have brought a great change. Nobody knows how great the change is except myself, and—so, you see, Miss Worthington, I——"

Far out in the waste land below the lodge a tiny speck moved, now merging with the tropic growths and tangles and then crossing open sand stretches, and moving toward the hills. Rodney saw it, his eyes followed it closely, and he forgot about philosophy and the great change in his life; he forgot about the fear that he was trying to bring to Ethel's face. She was not interested in the tiny speck that moved toward the hills in the hot lands, and she laid her hand upon his arm ever so gently and the dreams in her eyes she did not try to conceal—wonderful dreams that only come into women's eyes when they love. Rodney still kept his eyes on the speck that moved like an ant in the hot lands, but when both of her hands caught hold of his arm and squeezed it, he turned his head and looked into her eyes. He saw he had lost—he saw it in her eyes and face—instead of making her fear him he had made her love. He did not speak. It was not fair to speak as this woman wanted him to, when Juanita Corbina dreamed in Vera Cruz. And when Ethel Worthington's hands closed even tighter on his arm and her lips quivered, he finished the conversation where he had broken off:

"I will take you back to Vera Cruz tomorrow," he said, and smiled.

Ethel was disappointed. She had offered him love because she knew she had found the man who was meant for her and she was sure she was meant for him. He had not accepted the love she had offered, but she knew he was thinking, thinking, thinking. She wondered what was convulsing his mind, and so she took her hands from his arm and they sat in silence, he looking away into the hot lands and she watching the dark shadows mantle the lodge as the sun crept down behind the jagged shoulders of the hills. Dusk fell quickly and she grew lonesome, for he had not spoken to her, so she moved nearer him, her hand stole near his, and this time he took it and held it, and they watched the stars break thru the night sky.

Ethel Worthington was happy, contented with a romantic Yankee whom she believed a brigand; a man of whose past she knew nothing—a stranger; and she cared not. The unconventional situation gave her the happy feeling of a bird released from a cage after years of imprisonment, and so she drew even nearer the brigand and let her head rest on his shoulder.

Rodney stirred when a mountain songster warbled somewhere in the twilight canyons. He was wondering which woman—Juanita Corbina or Ethel Worthington? But he cast the question from his mind to make Ethel happy, and took her face in both his hands and kissed her full upon the warm, red lips, told her it was time to get some rest for the journey to Vera Cruz and bid her good night.

"Soon you will start for Vera Cruz," he said. "If not accompanied by me, it will be by others whom you can trust, for the rurales who have been following our trail all day in the desert no doubt are near the hills, and should they find the lodge before I start with you, I will let them take you, because it will be best. Should they ask you who brought you here, tell them a terrible Spanish-looking brigand—not the good kind that one often reads about in books," he concluded, and drew away into the shadows for an all-night vigil.

### CHAPTER VII.

### BACK IN VERA CRUZ.

WHILE Ethel slumbered on the heavy horse blankets inside the lodge, Rodney paced back and forth in the deep shadows near the narrow path by which he had brought her. During the day he had watched the riders far below in the waste land following the horses' tracks, and he felt sure they had reached the hills at dusk and would climb the rocky path to the lodge before the moon was very high.

When the moon climbed over the rim of the world and silvered the waste lands and jagged mountains, Rodney put the gold-laden saddle on his horse and stationed him near another pass. He then drove the big, black steed that had carried La Jose thru the blistering wastes so faithfully up another steep defile to a plateau where foraging was good. The rurales knew La Jose, and especially his horse, which was of the finest Spanish breed. Sometimes a man is judged by his mount in Mexico, and many rurales had eyed La Jose's horse with a thievish [illegible] in their eyes. If it were found [illegible] the rurales would think that La Jose [illegible] and the rurales would [illegible] in taking Rodney as an accessory, because it was great satisfaction to the rurales to shoot a hated Yankee at sunrise, and sometimes their guns slipped long before the first bright rays kissed the turrets of Vera Cruz.

Shortly before midnight Rodney saw three rurales approaching silently around the huge bowlders near the trail. They looked like ghosts as they glided from the shadows of the huge rocks into the moonlight, then into the shadows again. Then three more came up, and many followed under cover. Each carried a short rifle, and they were armed to the teeth for a battle with a camp of bandits. Rodney could see their rifles gleam in the moonlight as they crept upward and left the shadows. He laughed them to scorn and would have engaged them for the fun of it and fled when the battle grew too hot for him, but the circumstances would not permit, and so he stole from his lookout to the lodge and awakened Ethel.

Ethel was badly frightened when she came to the door of the lodge, and when she saw Rodney she rushed to him and threw her arms about him and felt safe.

"Be brave, my dear girl, the rurales are advancing slowly up the path by which I brought you," he whispered, and she clung closer. "Officers are with them whom you can trust and they will escort you to Vera Cruz, and I will see you there again, perhaps."

"Perhaps?" she repeated, wistfully.

"I must go now; be brave, my dear," he concluded, kissed her on the cheek, and lifted her hands from his shoulders and would have fled, but she caught hold of him again and he saw tears glisten on her cheeks. The rurales were dangerously near the top of the trail, he knew, so he pushed her gently from him and fled to his horse and vanished.

"Good-by, my sweet brigand," she called after him, then sank down on the steps of the lodge and sobbed; not because she feared, but because it was the end of her most beautiful day.

A half hour later, while Rodney was riding toward Vera Cruz, an officer and a troop of rurales found Ethel waiting for them on the steps of the lodge, and two hours later she was mounted on an extra horse and the cavalcade started for Vera Cruz. Many times she turned her eyes toward the hills. Somehow the lodge seemed dear to her heart and she wished that she still were sitting there with Senor Rodney watching the stars break thru the night sky. It was all so wonderful; like a beautiful dream that vanishes with dawn and leaves nothing but dissatisfaction. The lodge had been the scene of the sweetest chapter in her life and the title of that chapter was love.

**Ethel Worthington marries, but Rodney is not the man. He is left to work out his destiny in an unusual manner. As for Juanita Corbina, she meets her fate in the third and last installment of this story.**

RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

GET this Car FREE
Learn the Auto Business at reduced rates and earn one by sending us names.
Coey College of Motoring,
COEY BLDG., 2055
WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

C.A.Coey,Pres.

Mexican White Sapphires, 50c
14k gold filled Tiffany Ring for ladies or Tooth Ring for gents guaranteed 10 years. We defy experts to tell it from a genuine diamond. REG. $2.00 VALUE FOR 50c.
MEXICAN DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 8, 335 Market St., Phila., Pa.

FREE
Send No Money—1919 Model American Movement Watch, 16 size, open face, silver nickel finish, perfect time, last forever, sent at Our Risk by C.O.D. Parcel Post. Pay Postmaster Our Special Price $1.99 when Watch comes and it's yours. Fob Free if you hurry. FORD WATCH CO. WINONA, MINN.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

Get a Feather Bed
Beds 25 lb. $9.95; 30-lb. $10.95; 35-lb. $11.95; 40-lb. $12.95; two 3-lb. Pillows $1.75. All new feathers best ticking. We have $1,000 cash deposit in bank to guarantee satisfaction or money back. Mail order or write for catalog today.
SANITARY BEDDING CO., Dept. 116 CHARLOTTE, N. C.

## The Other Fellow's Troubles

FINKINS was one of those exasperating persons who take other people's troubles condescendingly. He was always willing to listen, and with a deceptively interested mien. But after he thereby had aroused hopes of sympathy in the breast of the troubled one, Finkins was apt to exasperate the sorrow into a murderous frenzy by carefully explaining just why it was the sufferer's own fault.

Most people said that he was a hard-hearted wretch and had no sympathy in him. They said this after Finkins had shifted one knee across the other, coughed, flicked his cigar ash and then in a mild voice had started in demonstrating that all the trouble was caused by the rashness, the foolishness, the lack of thought of the individual concerned. It was appalling how clearly Finkins could demonstrate to the crushed listener a dozen ways in which he might have moved and avoided the catastrophe of the moment. Finkins' reasoning always was so correct that there was no answer possible. The person concerned always was filled with a sense of his own idiocy and after that he became filled with an intense hatred of Finkins. Nothing makes one such an enemy as being convinced that he has been a fool.

Finkins' crowning blow was his invariable wail: "If people only would use their brains! If they'd only think two inches ahead of their noses it would be quite easy to avoid all these troubles."

Dahlberg never forgave Finkins because Finkins laughed about the $400 the Dahlberg firm lost. A brisk, well dressed young man had presented some traveler's checks, which were paid without question. Just how the well dressed young man had procured them was ever a large mystery, as subsequent events proved that he had no right to them. He had gayly helped himself and filled them out. Finkins was so disgusted with Dahlberg's credulity that he could not talk for five minutes, expressing his sentiment by short chuckles and gasps of disdain. By the time he had finished with Dahlberg that gentleman was ready either for an ignominious end in the lake or was a possible candidate for hanging as a result of attacking Finkins, so great was his rancor. When a sum of money of that size was in question, Finkins said it was nothing short of criminal to be so wretchedly careless! The firm deserved to lose it as a lesson.

Dahlberg was glad when he heard that Finkins was going to Canada on business. He was even heard to say he hoped to heaven the train on which Finkins traveled would burrow into a snowdrift and stick there till strawberries grew at the north pole. He said it might do Finkins a little good to suffer a trifle, and put a dent in his supreme self-conceit. He intimated as much in his farewell to Finkins, but that gentleman responded only absently, as he was engaged in figuring out how much profit he was going to make on the order he had just given his broker to buy some stock at a certain figure. He was positive it was going up, because of some inside information, and the thought of his coming profit was nectar to his soul.

On the train Finkins experienced a spell of caution. He began thinking of all the dreadful things which sometimes happen to those who speculate in stocks. Hastily he grabbed train stationery and wrote his broker, canceling the order. He mailed the letter somewhere considerably over the Canadian border.

All during the day Finkins had the pleasure of reading that the stocks in question were going steadily down. "Huh!" he told himself frequently. "If I had been like most people I know, and not taken wise thought on the subject and looked at it from all sides, I'd stand to be soaked good and proper! People's troubles are mostly their own fault!"

Finkins returned home carefree. He sat down and held to his desk when among his accumulated mail he found a letter from his broker reporting the purchase as per order of the stock for the sum of $1,600. There was another letter five days later asking why he didn't sell, as it had gone down so much that he had then lost $700.

His enemies are still explaining to Finkins why a letter mailed in Canada stamped with a United States postage stamp very seldom gets across the border. They sigh and say it is a shame for the sake of three cents to have lost so much money. And Finkins is beautifully silent.

* * *

Germs of Rheumatism.
How they live—how they die. Read this book and know what is being done for this disease. Mailed free. Write Weldona, 13[illegible] Boylston St., Suite 97, Boston, Mass.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Better Than Pills—For Liver Ills
The reason
ACTS ON THE LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS
Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR
PRICE 25 CENTS
A.H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.
25-TABLETS-NR
Get a 25¢ Box
NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright

Deafness
Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.
Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
*"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"* require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
19? Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

ALL THIS FREE
Beautiful imitation Wrist Watch on adjustable leather strap, Gold plated Locket with 22 inch chain and these 4 handsome Rings all free for selling 25 pieces quick-selling Jewelry at 10 cents each. Write.
EAGLE WATCH CO.
Dept. 38, East Boston, Mass.

This FREE Shoe Book
is crowded with photographs and descriptions of Ez Wear Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear Shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. Send for your copy today.
EM Simon Shoe 1588 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N.Y.

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
MEND—DON'T SPEND

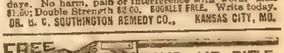
PATRIOTIC PIN FREE
Set with Rubies, Pearls and Sapphire to make colors Red, White and Blue.
A fine gold filled pin, warranted 3 years. Just send 15c. to help pay advertising.
AUCTION CO., DEPT. 15, Attleboro, Mass.

RAISE WHITE MICE!
Earn $25.00 yearly on each mouse. Big demand by Laboratories and hospitals for medical research work and many other purposes. We supply stock and buy all you raise. Contract and particulars free. ANIMAL RESEARCH CULTURE Dept. 24 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

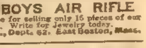
MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address,
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

CIGARETTE HABIT Causes nervousness, ruins eyesight, often leads to kidney, and heart disorders, loss of memory, melancholy, suicidal tendencies, weakens will power, confuses brain, induces headaches, loss of manly vigor & shortens life. Let me send you my Book! It is FREE. Tells the secret of easily conquering the habit and the same time gaining all the solace ever given by smoking. Address:
EDW. J. WOODS, WG-178, Station F. New York, N.Y.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.



FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE
This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 62, East Boston, Mass.

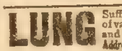


FIBRE LEGS ARMS
4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet.
Ray Trautman, 624 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

WOMEN WHY WORRY
Ergoil Monthly Regulator safely relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid $1.00.
DERMITONE REMEDY CO., 648-650 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment.
Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED by harmless remedy. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures, costs you $1. If it fails, costs nothing.
SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.



FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 25 art and religious pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.
GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 445 Chicago

LUNG Sufferers, write today for my words of value FREE about *Weak Lungs* and how to treat Lung Troubles.
Address M. Beaty, M.D. 44 Cincinnati, O.

# Brothers of the Rail

(Continued From Page 4.)

car and laid it on the table in front of Decoto. He turned to the superintendent.

"Now, Mr. Decoto," he smirked, rubbing his hands together, "kindly examine that gun. You will find that at least one cartridge has been fired."

Decoto broke the revolver. "Yes, only one," he said

Davis grinned exultingly. "And now look!" He swung around and pointed dramatically at Warren. "Look at the blood on his shoulder!"

Bob was in a quandary. His common sense told him that the detective was making some grave charge against him, but he could not even guess the nature of it. He decided that the best way was to keep still and see what developed. He felt that Mr. Decoto was his friend and would listen to the truth when Bob had his chance to tell it.

To the detective's mention of the blood on Warren's shoulder the superintendent merely nodded.

"Look at the mud and sawdust on his clothes," continued Davis. "Notice his hat is gone!"

The detective's hand darted to the floor behind the table and picked up a derby hat, crushed and muddy. Warren's eyes grew wide. It was the hat he had lost during the fight in the empty car

"Ah, I see you know your hat!" snapped the detective as he caught the look on Warren's face. "But we knew it was yours, anyway, by the initials in the inside band. And now, Mr. Decoto, what can you say against all this evidence?"

"This is terrible," was the superintendent's slow reply. "I don't know what to think. Bob, what in heaven's name have you done?"

Warren did not reply at once, for he knew he was in a serious predicament. Davis had seen him beat his way out of Deems on 37. The detective and the superintendent had found him stealthily entering his room after midnight, hatless, his clothing torn and muddy, and his hands stained with blood.

What had brought the two men to his room at that hour of the night? How did the detective know about the revolver? How did they come into possession of his lost hat? There were many things that puzzled Warren and, somehow, the conviction grew on him that all the events of the night had led to this one tense moment

Had he been alone with Decoto, whom he loved like a father, Warren would have told his whole story, promptly and truthfully. But the detective he did not like and was loath to confide in him. Davis was a shrewd officer, but very unpopular among the men of the road.

Warren looked up at the two silent men facing him. They were eagerly waiting for his explanation, but he resolved not to open the throttle until he saw clear track ahead.

"Mr. Decoto, I'm all in the dark," he parried. "Tell me what has happened. Why have you and Davis waited in my room to pounce upon me as tho I were a thief I have done nothing wrong."

The superintendent half arose from his chair and leaned forward in great agitation.

"Do you mean to tell me, Bob," he demanded eagerly, "that you are not the bandit who held up the Midnight Express tonight at Black's Crossing?"

Astounded, Bob fell back a step "What!" he exclaimed. "The express held up?"

"Huh!" sneered the detective. "For a common thief, you are a good actor.'

Bob turned on the officer. His eyes blazed. "I'm not acting," he said hotly, "and I am no more a thief than you are a gentleman. If I——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," broke in Decoto, raising his hand for silence, "this is a very grave matter. Let us proceed with caution, and avoid hasty speech Bob, the case against you, I am sorry to say, looks very dark; but you have a right to be heard. I will tell you just what has occurred and then, my boy, I do hope you can explain away the damning evidence against you.

"Yesterday Mr. Davis received an unsigned letter making serious charges against you and suggesting that you be watched. I haven't seen the letter myself, and Davis says he paid no attention to it until he saw you crawl into a box car on 37. Since you could have ridden in the caboose the occurrence struck him as suspicious. When the Midnight Express pulled in we learned that a lone bandit had boarded the train somewhere up the line, probably at Black's Crossing, and just this side of the Crossing had attempted to rob the express car. The expressman showed fight and the bandit shot once at him and then ran. The expressman returned the fire, but the robber got out of the car and leaped from the train near Joe Black's sawmill

"We gave the alarm and then Davis and I jumped a switch engine and hurried to the Crossing. Owing to the hard rain we could do little; but we did find tracks of the bandit in the mill and farther up the road where he jumped from the train we found your hat. The letter Davis received, the way you left Deems last night, and the finding of your hat near the scene of the hold-up formed a combination of circumstances that demanded explanation. We came here to your room and found you gone. Soon after, you entered.

"Now, my boy," he went on, in a voice which showed he was eager to see Warren acquit himself, "you answer the description of the bandit. You sneak into your room after midnight with your hat gone, your clothes torn and covered with mud, your hands stained red, and a bullet wound in your shoulder. For heaven's sake, Bob, tell me where you have been and what you have been doing!"

"I did not do it, Mr. Decoto," replied Warren hastily. "I swear I know absolutely nothing about it. I can explain everything. Last night some one put a note under my door and——"

Abruptly Warren broke off. A horrible thought had flashed thru his brain. Finding the two men in his room, and the startling disclosures that swiftly followed, had blinded him to the real significance of what the superintendent had been saying. Now the whole terrible truth flashed upon him and left him sick and reeling. He sank into a chair and bowed his head in his hands.

Jack Lowery, his sweetheart's brother, had gone to Black's Crossing in the empty car to rob the Midnight Express! Harry Warren, his own brother, was in the plot and had gone to the Crossing to meet Lowery!

Warren groaned. The detective and the superintendent spoke to him but he did not hear. His mind was in a riot. Enid's brother was a thief! And Harry was a partner in the crime!

Heartbroken, Warren pressed his throbbing temples and tried to think. For Enid's sake, Jack Lowery must not be suspected. Not yet, anyway. And Harry, wild, reckless boy, with a heart of gold, must be shielded.

"I received a message," began Warren slowly, "which called me to Oakhurst. It was a business matter. I rode in the empty box because I didn't want the crew of 37 to know about my affairs. There was a—a tramp in the car. He attacked me. He shot me in the shoulder. I jerked the revolver from his hand and fell out of the car. I landed on the pile of sawdust at Black's Mill. I stayed in the mill until the rain was over. Then I walked into the Crossing and rode the head-end of 9 into Oakhurst. There I—I transacted my business. I came back on the 8. That's all I know.'

Decoto and the detective looked at each other, unbelief stamped plainly on their faces

Bah!" snorted the officer. "Mighty fishy story! Do you expect us to believe that you kept a business appointment in the bedraggled condition you are in?"

"Yes," faltered Warren. "It is true."

"What was the nature of that business?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Ah of course not! Let me see that message you say you received.'

Warren's heart skipped a beat. If the note was found, his brother would be dragged into the case.

"I haven't got it," he said with an effort.

"That's a lie!" snarled the officer. "Mr. Decoto, you heard —'

"Search him!" came the crisp order from the superintendent.

The yellow envelope bearing Warren's name was quickly found. Davis handed it to the superintendent. As Decoto read the note his face hardened and his gray eyes flashed between narrowed lids. He handed the message back to the detective

"Ah!" breathed the sleuth. "This settles it. But hold! There must have been some one with him." He swung around with volcanic suddenness and brought his sharp face close to Warren's. "Who wrote you this note?"

Warren made no reply. His staring eyes were fixed on the bit of paper in the officer's hand. For it was not the message Warren had received warning him about his brother Harry. It was the one he had found in Harry's room which read: "Black's Crossing. Wednesday night." Startled by that footstep in the hall, Warren had evidently got the notes mixed when he returned them to the envelopes. The mistake had kept Harry out of the affair; but it had made things blacker for Warren.

He dropped his gaze and stared at the floor with unseeing eyes. His heart was pounding like a flat-wheel under a load. The detective, he knew, was watching with eyes aglitter, while Decoto waited, white, tense, breathless. Warren did not know what to say. On his next sentence hung some one's fate. Was it to be his own? Or was he to speak the word that would bring the iron hand of the law swiftly down upon his brother and his lifelong friend?

"Pardon me, Mr. Warren," purred the detective, "but I must insist on you answering me. There was some one with you. Was it your brother?"

"No, no, no!" said Warren thru lips that were hard and white. "I was alone. I did it all myself. I—oh, what am I saying?"

Decoto, with a cry that was like a sob, covered his face with his hands and turned away. Even the detective fell silent. For a long moment no one spoke. Then Decoto turned a haggard face to Warren

"Bob, my boy, how have you come to this?" he asked brokenly. "What have I done that this terrible sorrow should be visited upon me? Haven't I always been a father to you? Haven't you always been treated fairly and kindly by the road? It can't be true, Warren. Tell me it's all a horrible lie. I'll believe anything. Only tell me that you are not a a crook."

Warren dug his nails into his palms, but dared not speak.

"It seems unbelievable," Decoto dragged out in a shaken voice, and speaking more to himself than to the others. "When old man Warren's train went into the ditch at Red Gulch and the brave engineer gave his life for his passengers, it was I who arranged for a life pension for your mother. But her heart was broken, and soon she followed your

## Puts an End to Catarrh Nuisance

### A Direct and Simple Way That May Be Adopted With but Little Cost.

If you are constantly catching cold and doing a lot of coughing and spitting you can take it for granted that you have chronic catarrh.

Many persons report they are deriving genuine relief from catarrh of the head, nose and throat, catarrhal deafness, roaring and buzzing in the ears, catarrhal headache and similar miseries, by the use of a novel smoke-vapor remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, an old Atlanta physician, who has been treating catarrh successfully for forty-four years.

There may be some doubt in your mind that it can be so easily done when the case is an old chronic one, but you can satisfy yourself by sending your name and address to THE BLOSSER COMPANY, Box 4226, Atlanta Georgia.

For ten cents (in coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling, you can secure a Trial Outfit of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. This trial package contains some of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe, a neat little pipe and also some medicated cigarettes.—Adv.

$225 THREE YEARS TO PAY for this beautiful

**MEISTER PIANO**

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $150

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

**30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID**

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $6 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool and scarf free. Write today for our 100-page catalog illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free.

If you are interested in player-pianos send for our free catalog. We have a fine selection.

**Rothschild & Company, Dept. B.L.3, Chicago, Illinois**

**ALLIANCESKIN PANTS ONLY**

"Allianceskin" Pronounced Stronger Than A Lion's Skin

We Pay Express or Parcel Post Charges

**Made as you like them.** No extra charge for tunnel belt loops, cuffs on pants, etc. Your own initials embroidered in colors on the left tunnel pocket. See our "Alligator" trimmings on pants. See all our latest original novelties. Get acquainted with this Alliance—order your own clothes at less than wholesale price. We make suits to measure from $13.50 up. Just mail us your name and address and receive FREE our agency outfit and all samples. You will want to be our agent. Make big money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our references will convince you.

Agents Wanted At Once

**PRODUCERS & CONSUMERS ALLIANCE**
Dept. 597 Wholesale Tailors, Chicago

**Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch**

$3.95 Stem Wind

C.O.D. PARCEL POST StemSet

We will send this elegant thin model, boys' or gent's size open face plain polished electro gold plated case, gilt dial, fitted with a finely tested movement, regulated and fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper—or gentleman's 16 size double hunting case, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial, stem wind and stem set, and a handsome fob, C. O. D. parcel post; when you receive it pay your postman **$3.95** only and it is yours. Order at once, on account of advance in prices this offer may not appear again. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Give your full post office address.

**Boston Jewelry Co.,** 39 W. Adams St., Dept. 27 **Chicago, Ill.**

**WETO GRAPH** SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

**PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa**

**Don't Send a Penny**

Just send the coupon stating size and width—that's all. We want you to see these shoes at our risk. Examine them, try them on—and then decide as to whether or not you wish to keep them. Our special bargain price is only $3.95 per pair while they last. Season's greatest bargain. We send them to you, not a cent in advance so that you can compare them with any $5.00 or $6.00 shoes. If you don't think this the biggest shoe bargain you can get anywhere, send the shoes back at our expense. You won't be out a cent.

**Only One Pair To a Customer At This Low Price**

We can't foretell future prices of material and labor. Times are too uncertain. Therefore all we can tell you **NOW** is that we can guarantee you a pair of these elegant latest style shoes at this remarkably low price provided you send us your order **at once.** And at this price of only $3.95 we can send only **one** pair to a customer.

**Stylish and Durable**

Made of genuine leather in gun metal, popular style swing toe last. Blucher style. Comfortable, substantial, long wearing, genuine oak leather soles—reinforced shank and cap. Military heel. Best expert workmanship. Black only. Sizes 6 to 11. Pay only $3.95 for shoes on arrival. If on examination you do not find them the greatest shoe bargain, return them and back goes your money. No obligation, no risk to you. But send at once to be sure of getting them. A sale like this soon sells the stock. Order No. X10111.

**SEND COUPON**

Sign and mail this coupon. No money now. Wait until they come. We ship them at once. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Be sure to give size and width. Send now while sale is on. Send no money.

**Leonard-Morton & Co.**
Dept. X1538, Chicago

**Leonard-Morton & Co.**
Dept. X1538, Chicago

Send the Men's Dress Shoes No. X10111. I will pay $3.95 for shoes on arrival, and examine them carefully. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Size.......................Width.......................

Name..............................................

Age.................Married or Single...................

Address............................................

# 419 EGGS FROM 20 HENS IN 30 DAYS

## Mr. Dougherty Got This Result in October. Plan Is Easily Tried.

"I tried Don Sung and must say the results were far past any expectations. I got 419 eggs in 30 days from 20 hens while moulting. I think this is wonderful, as they hardly laid at all before while moulting."—Frank Dougherty, 5940 E. 11th St., Indianapolis.

Mr. Dougherty bought $1 worth of Don Sung tablets during October and wrote the above letter November 8, 1917. Figure his profit on 35 dozen eggs from hens that formerly laid little or nothing.

This may sound too good to be true, but it costs nothing to find out. We'll make you the same offer we made him.

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that Don Sung pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, helps her through the moult, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't do the work, your money will be refunded by return mail. Send 50 cents today for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 131 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

# Cause of Early Wrinkles Found

## New Discovery Makes Pores Small

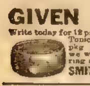
When the skin begins to sag and wrinkles appear it means that every cell in the skin begins to sag, and the pores grow larger and less vigorous. The finer and smoother the skin, the smaller the pores. It is now possible to make the pores smaller, making the skin as youthful and fine in texture as a baby's. This is done by the simple use of eptol applied liberally. Eptol may be obtained in drug stores in two-ounce packages for about fifty cents. Made into a cream by adding water it brings surprising results. If inconvenient to reach a drug store, it will be sent direct on receipt of price by the Cooper Pharmacal Co., 512 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

# BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of BED-WETTING. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. There is a cause for this trouble. If your children trouble you in this way try Mrs. Summers' safe and successful home treatment, which has been a blessing to hundreds of families. Ask your druggist, or write today for FREE TRIAL and useful information; send no money, but address The Summers Medical Co., Box W, South Bend, Ind.

## GIVEN AWAY

Write today for 12 packs Smith's Hair Tonic to sell at 10c per pkg. Return $1 20 and we will send wedding ring and bracelet, warranted.



SMITH DRUG CO. Box 164. Woodsboro, Md.

## HEAVEN AND HELL

Swedenborg's great work, 400 pages, 15 cents postpaid. Pastor Landenberger, Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo.

BOYS, earn valuable premiums selling our great papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Build up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. Our papers come to you all in one bundle on Friday. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell, so that in addition to the valuable premiums you will

MAKE $1.00 TO $5.00 A WEEK

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO. 500 N. Dearborn Street. CHICAGO, ILL.

Please tell me how to get valuable premiums and cash profits that your agents make. I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell.

11

Name ..............................................

St. No.,
R. F. D. or Box..................................

Town... ..................... State..........

father. Then I found a home for your brother Harry, and I took you, Bob, into my own home. I tried to be mother and father to you. Every pleasure, every advantage that my boy Wilford had, was yours. You two grew up together. When you finished school I was proud of you. I gave you your start on the road. When you made good I promoted you as fast as possible. You have served your time on the left side of the cab and I was soon going to give you an engine. And now—now the boy whose father was a hero, the little Bobbie I raised and loved as my own, the young railroader who was the pride of my heart, has turned out to be a—a thief."

Warren could stand no more. Tears were in his eyes as he raised his face, deathly white and drawn with pain. He made to speak, but when his gaze met Decoto's, his dry lips beat together without a sound. The division superintendent had gained control of himself. Once more he was the iron-handed railroader, a master of men, stern, just, uncompromising. Terrible anger burned in his eyes. His words came hissingly between clinched teeth.

"Silence! I won't listen to your lies. You have played a crooked game and lost. Now take your medicine. And as God is my judge, you will get what is coming to you. Even if it were my own boy—which thank heaven it isn't—who had played me false as you have, I wouldn't rest until he was rotting behind prison bars."

The enraged man whirled and faced the detective. "Arrest that thief!" he ordered savagely. "Handcuff him! Away with him!"

Steel manacles flashed in the officer's hand. Warren recoiled. The detective seized him by the wrist, but before he could make another move there came a startling interruption.

The door swung open and a man burst into the room. It was Jack Lowery.

"Stop!" demanded the big fellow as he brushed the detective aside. "Bob Warren is not the bandit! I'm the man you want! I held up the Midnight Express!"

**Who was the bandit that held up the train? Mystery piles on mystery. Was it Jack Lowery, or Bob Warren, or the brother he was trying to shield? Or was it another? The second half of this interesting railroad story clears up the mystery.**

# She Spends a Quiet Evening

"THIS is bliss," said Perdita to herself, as she turned on the electric light over the couch where she lay, and taking up a novel prepared for an evening of quiet enjoyment.

It was not often that Perdita cared for that sort of thing, as she had a proper share of frivolity in her soul, but when her father and mother informed her that they were going to the theater this evening, and that she must stay at home and take care of Rue, her 5-year-old sister, she was not sorry.

And now Rue had been put to bed in an adjoining room of this hotel apartment, and Perdita had nothing to do but read her novel or, if circumstances permitted, to recall the exact shape of young Mr. Fenton's nose. It was with young Mr. Fenton that she was to attend a ball the next evening. He was now playing cards with some men friends in his apartment at the other end of the hall.

So Perdita put on her kimono and her bedroom slippers, did her front hair up in curl papers and settled herself for at least an hour of genuine comfort.

Somehow, despite her hotel life, she never liked to be seen, even by the chambermaid, when her hair was in curl papers. She knew that it was a horribly old-fashioned way of curling one's hair, but the kind of curls which she wanted could be obtained in no other way, and so she slept almost every night in papers.

"Oh, dear," said Perdita, within ten minutes of the time when she had settled herself for repose, "there's a mouse! I knew something would happen to spoil my evening, and I might just as well call down to the office at once and have them send some one up to catch the creature, for I shall be as nervous as a hawk if I don't.

She suited the action to the word, and a few minutes later two black and smiling bellboys confronted the curl papers and announced that they were entirely ready for the battle.

"I'll stay in the closet while you catch it," declared Perdita, and retired from sight. The closet was large and lighted by an electric lamp, so that Perdita might still enjoy her book while she waited.

But she was interested in the mouse hunt and at intervals the curl papers were thrust out thru a crack and Perdita's voice would caution the mouse seekers not to make too much noise for fear of awakening Rue.

But whoever heard of killing a mouse with a club without making a noise? Perdita even had to close her ears at times. The whacking of clubs was mixed with the squeaking of castors.

Moreover, the furniture was moved about and some of it was piled up on the couch, while the two boys crawled about on the floor and struck at an invisible enemy with vigor.

At length all was quiet. When Perdita took a final peep she was confronted by a large mouse swinging by its tail from the hand of a triumphant hunter.

She hastily drew back her head and awaited the departure of the boys. But she could hear only a muffled talk between the captors, and no sound of a closing door.

"Why don't you take it away?" she at last ventured to ask, as she thrust all of her curl paper out into the room.

"We are afraid to open the door," declared the boy who held the mouse and whose face had changed from an expression of delight to one of terror. "There's a man out there who says he will shoot us if we open the door."

"Nonsense!" said Perdita, coming out of her closet. "Who could be out there and who would want to shoot you?" Perdita herself, being less afraid of men than of mice, walked with boldness to the door and opened it quickly.

Instantly her hand flew to cover the curl papers, for there in the hall with a pistol in hand and a wild look in his eyes stood young Fenton. By his side shivered Rue, in her nightclothes, and with a look of horror on her pale little face.

Rue made one jump and had her arm around Perdita's neck.

"Why, what are you doing here?" demanded Perdita of both her sister and of Fenton, looking as stern as a girl can in curl papers and a kimono.

"I thought you'd been murdered," whimpered Rue, "for when I heard the noise and peeked into the room you were not there. And so I ran into Mr. Fenton's room and asked him to help. And he came right away. And that's all!"

"Well," said Perdita, as she drew the small sister close to her and executed a neat retrograde movement into her own apartment, "I don't know what the book of etiquette calls for when you are saved by a young man from burglars and are caught in curl papers, but I suppose that I ought to say that I am much obliged. But don't you ever do it again!"

"Never!" said young Fenton, as he laughed and bowed.

# Too Rich for His Blood

YEARS ago Opie Read gave a public reading at Davenport, Iowa. His audience was discouragingly small, for some unaccountable reason, and the gate receipts, of course, were light.

At the opening of the program a bevy of society women added enthusiasm to the occasion by sending an usher to the platform with an armful of American Beauty roses for the well-known author.

Read accepted the flowers with a graceful little speech, but in an aside to the usher he said: "I'd rather have had the price of the posies!"

That night at the hotel the speaker distributed his roses among the house guests, not even keeping one for himself.

Next day a society woman, who had helped pay for the flowers, gave a luncheon in Mr. Read's honor. In the invitation she sent to him she said:

"Please wear one of the roses you received last night!"

When Read viewed that note he was flabbergasted. There he was in the dead of winter, roses were scarce, and expensive, too, he suspected, but he decided he would have to get some, nevertheless. Accordingly he visited a florist, and this is the conversation which took place:

"Got any American Beauty roses?"

"A few."

"What are they worth?"

"Thirty dollars a dozen."

"Great Jupiter! I don't want any! Wrap me up a 10-cent head of cabbage!"

❧ ❧ ❧

## Golf on the Lynx.

"COME on," said the first flea, as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg; "come over and join me at a short game of golf."

"Golf!" exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena. "Where in the realm of Barnum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."

# FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

# Beware of Catarrh!

## Red Nose, Watery Eyes, Dry Lips, Wrinkles, Bad Breath and a Drawn, Peaked Expression Are the Result.

## Trial Treatment Free

A host of girls and women have catarrh terribly. Look at those red noses and watery eyes. Ugh! what a breath! see those dry lips, those deep wrinkles, those pouches alongside the nose. And then all that foul mucus dropping down the throat! No wonder in school, church, street-car, office or meeting place so many women cough their heads off.

**"My Friends Can Hardly Realize I am the Same Person Since I Cured My Catarrh With Gauss' Home Treatment."**

Hundreds of women have found the cure for all these troubles and for that drawn, peaked expression that ruins facial beauty. No amount of greasy face creams can overcome the ruinous effects of catarrh. They keep coming and coming, faster and faster as catarrh sinks in deeper and deeper. In GAUSS' CATARRH CURE they discovered a quick and positive remedy. This remarkable treatment cleans up the head, brightens and clears the eyes, reddens the lips, stops the cough, gagging, spitting and choking, stops droppings down the throat, arrests progress of still more serious symptoms and soon you have the bright-eyed glow of a most lovely attractiveness. And you can prove this entirely free with a free trial package of this most wonderful treatment.

Simply send your name and address to C. E. Gauss, 5354 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and he will send by mail free, prepaid, a large home treatment that will simply astonish you with its wonderful effect. Do not delay, write at once.

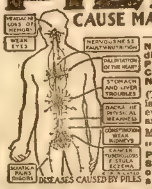
FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on lines below and mail to
C. E. GAUSS, 5354 Main Street.
Marshall, Mich

Name ....................................
Street or
R. F. D. No.............. .........
City... ............ State ..

# PILES

CAUSE MANY DISEASES


HEADACHE LOSS OF MEMORY
WEAK EYES
NERVOUSNESS FAULTY NUTRITION
PALPITATION OF THE HEART
STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES
BACKACHE PHYSICAL WEAKNESS
CONSTIPATION WEAK KIDNEYS
CANCER TUBERCULOSIS FISTULA ECZEMA
SCIATICA PAINS RIGORS
DISEASES CAUSED BY PILES

—Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.

(The best proof of all this is that nothing you have ever done has given you any permanent relief.)

My proposition to all:

"I CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Serum-like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.

WRITE TODAY FOR 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER FREE

Dr. McCleary, 220 McCleary Bldg., 11th and Harrison St., Kansas City, Mo.

$40 Motorcycle Bargains

Motor Cycles at the old prices. Buy now and save $25.00. Don't wait. Hendersons, Harleys, Indians, Excelsiors, Emblems, Popes, Kultures, Thors, $50 to $100, all makes, tuned up ready to ride. Motor cycle tires, $3; automobile tires, $3; bicycle tires, $1. Bicycles $10, or tandems $20. Bicycles and motor cycles at factory prices. Old motor cycles, bicycles and talking machines taken in trade. Swap in yours. Highest prices allowed for them. Send for catalogue.
DENINGER THE PRICE CUTTER, Rochester, N. Y.

POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 25 beautiful Pictures or 25 pkgs. Post Cards at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

# Your Kitchen in War-time

## War Diets Aid Health

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THE reduction in food consumption made necessary by the war, has been an excellent thing for all of us. Before the war, most of us ate too much, and as a consequence, acquired many diseases which might otherwise have been avoided

Our great fault, in some instances, was not so much eating more food than was necessary to keep us in good condition, but eating unsuitable food. There is a good deal in the old saying that many people dig their graves with their teeth. Cases of diabetes, gout, Bright's disease, apoplexy and other diseases of the blood or kidneys are the direct result of careless eating.

In almost every case of kidney trouble—and there are many of them—the doctor advocates a change in diet Meat is either entirely forbidden, or limited to the white meat of fowl. In diabetes, sugar and white bread are absolutely forbidden. We might go on indefinitely with the list of diseases in which certain foods are either forbidden or cut down in amount.

Of course, there's such a thing as under-nourishing our bodies, and in these times when there is a great amount of work to do, we must carefully avoid depleting our strength. We should eat enough, but not too much. It isn't so much a matter of how much is eaten, as it is what is eaten. You may get enough to eat as far as quantity is concerned, and still be partially starved. The addition of fresh milk to the diet will correct any deficiency. Milk is not only a drink, it is a food which is admirably adapted to the needs of the body. It should be used freely in cooking and served at all meals. In the country milk can be bought at a lower price than in the cities, but no matter how much milk has advanced in price, it is a cheaper food, taking everything into consideration, than almost anything else we can buy.

Of course, vegetables of all kinds should be used freely. Beans and peas contain not only proteins, but other elements as well, which are needed to keep the body in good repair. Cereals, too, should be eaten. Oatmeal is an energy builder and makes a good foundation for breakfast. It can also be used in cookies and bread.

Less meat and sugar, less white flour and more milk and eggs, vegetables and cereals, will help your health as well as the Government which needs these foods to send to France to keep the people there, and our own soldiers, from starving.

❧

### War Dessert.

TWO cups cooked prunes, one-half pint whipped cream, one-half cup chopped nut meats. Buy only best quality of prunes and soak over night in cold water. These need no sugar. Next morning put on to cook over an extremely slow fire and cook a long time. The slow cooking brings out the sugar in the fruit Cut prunes in halves, remove seed and place in individual dishes with the cup or meaty side up. Sprinkle freely with the nut meats and serve with the whipped cream.

❧

### Escalloped Corn and Beans.

ONE small green pepper or one pimento, one cup milk, one cup canned corn, one cup cooked lima beans, one-half cup dried bread, few grains cayenne, one-fourth onion finely chopped, two tablespoons fat, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth paprika, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard. Cut pepper in small strips. Cook pepper, onion and fat five minues. Add flour and seasoning and when well blended add milk. Bring to the boiling point and add corn and beans and bread broken in small pieces. Turn into an oiled baking dish, sprinkle with seasoned crumbs, and bake until crumbs are brown.

❧

### Baked Spit Peas.

SOAK three cups split peas over night in cold water. In the morning drain, add fresh cold water, and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Pour off the water and turn peas into a bean pot or jar, putting in the middle, if desired, one-half pound of fat salt pork. Pour a dressing made of one cup boiling water, three-fourths tablespoon salt, two tablespoons molasses, and one-fourth teaspoon mustard over the peas. Add enough water to cover the peas and bake slowly from six to eight hours.

❧

### Italian Potatoes.

COMBINE all ingredients in the order named, except the egg white: Two cups mashed potatoes, one tablespoon finely chopped parsley, one egg yolk, well beaten; one-half cup grated cheese, one teaspoon onion juice. Salt and pepper. One egg white, beaten stiff. If potatoes are cold, add enough milk to mix easily. Beat thoroly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white, pile lightly on an oiled baking dish, and put in the oven to brown.

❧

### Oatmeal Muffins No. 1.

ONE-HALF cup milk, one egg, two tablespoons vegetable oil, one cup cooked rolled oats, one and one-half cup flour, four teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt. Cook the rolled oats in twice their volume of water for an hour or more. Mix the milk, rolled oats, egg and oil. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Bake in oiled muffin tins in a moderate oven.

❧

### Oatmeal Muffins No. 2.

ONE and one-half cup milk, one egg, two tablespoons vegetable oil, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, two cups rolled oats, one cup flour, four teaspoons baking powder. Pour milk over oats and let soak half an hour. Add egg and oil. Add to dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Bake from twenty-five to thirty minutes in oiled muffin tins.

❧

### Peanut Oat Cookies.

TWO cups ground oats (rolled oats put thru food chopper with finest cutter), one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon soda, one rounding tablespoon peanut butter, cold water to make stiff dough. Roll thin, cut and bake till crisp and a delicate brown. They brown easily. Measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

❧

### Oatmeal Cookies.

ONE egg beaten very light, one-half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon butter well beaten together. Add two cups rolled oats, one-half teaspoon baking powder, little salt and walnut meats cut fine, if desired. Drop with teaspoon one inch apart.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

No Extra Charges of any kind—all the latest fancy styles, golf bottoms, belt loops, pearl buttons — EVERYTHING FREE.

EARN $40 to $60 a WEEK in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO., Dept. 416 Chicago

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 848T,
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

GIVEN TO YOU as a LARKIN Factory-to-Family SAVING

An Oak Rocker like this usually sells for $8 to $10 at stores. It is a remarkable value and we give it with a $10 purchase of Foods, Soaps, etc., as the saving you make by dealing direct with the great Larkin Factories.

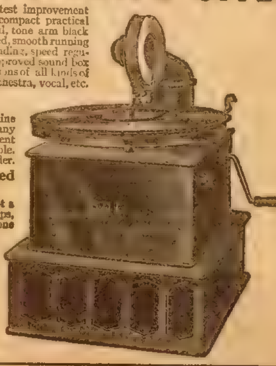
Given with $10 worth of Larkin Products

New Catalog FREE

Send for this interesting book. See the hundreds of useful home furnishings you can get as Premiums by this economical method of Factory-to-Family dealing. Interest your friends and neighbors in these great War-time economies. We make this a profitable service for you.

Get Our Catalog Today
Send Coupon or Postal to Nearest Address

Larkin Co. Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria
Please send me your new Fall Catalog No. 14
Name
Address
C. P. 387



WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH OFFER

Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. The lightest, most durable and compact practical phonograph ever produced. It is beautifully finished, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, which plays 2 to 3 records at one winding, speed regulator, stop lever and felt-covered turn table. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm, which make perfect reproductions of all kinds of music—band pieces, talking pieces, instrumental, orchestra, vocal, etc.

Plays Any Disc Record

Up to 7 inches, and plays them properly. This machine is simply wonderful—not to be compared with any other of this kind. Will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong and durable. Small and compact with no parts to get out of order.

Every Machine Regulated and Tested before it leaves the factory

and guaranteed in every way. A real phonograph, not a toy, yet small and light enough to be carried to camps, excursions, etc. Gives a clearness and volume of tone not surpassed by most high-priced instruments.

Free to You—Send No Money

Just your name and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the $6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine and the records in a few hours' time.

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., 9T51, Chicago

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Return the $3.00 collected and we will send you a Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings. Millions are ~~using~~ Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET OR SIX LACE CURTAINS

according to our latest offer in new premium list. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Salve sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
Dept. J-12, Tyrone, Pa.

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS

Ford Auto GIVEN AWAY GRAND PRIZE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | 8 | 9 | 19 |
| 6 | 15 | 18 | 4 |
| 1 | 21 | 20 | 15 |
| 6 | 18 | 5 | 5 |

SOLVE THIS—WIN FINE PRIZE

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick if you want this Ford auto. Send no money with solution. We will reward every one who solves this correctly.

SEND NAME—ENTER TODAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicyles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Every one who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1918 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address,

AUTO STEVENS, • 533 North La Salle Street • Chicago, Ill.

BIG BARGAIN BUNDLE REMNANTS $1.00 ONLY
2½ YDS SILK IN EACH BUNDLE

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

As a huge advertisement for a limited time only, the Southern Bargain Stores offer their big bargain bundles of remnants for one dollar only. Goods of every description—from 3 to 15 yards—in a great many instances single remnants that are alone worth the entire bundle, such as remnants of silk and dress goods. Each parcel worth in the regular way $3 to $4.

In this assortment can be found remnants of serges, panamas, towelings, dimities, ginghams, poplins, chambrays, waistings, etc.

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE

Just slip a dollar bill in an envelope (or $2 for 2 bundles) and mail right now. We'll guarantee it will be a most useful and pleasing surprise. Money returned if not perfectly satisfied.

SOUTHERN BARGAIN STORES, 4 Southern Bldgs., Washington, D. C.

ALL THESE FREE

Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Pendant and Neck Chain, imitation Wrist Watch with adjustable leather strap and buckle and these Four lovely Rings. ALL Given FREE to anyone for selling only 12 of our Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Fresh from factory. Be in fashion.

B. M. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

# YOUR TROUBLES OF THE HEART SOLVED HERE

## Conducted by Winifred Grey

Do you want to confide in some one and ask advice? Miss Grey will undertake to help you solve your problems. Address her in care of the Ledger's Editor.

### Be More Demonstrative.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a man of 35, have been married about thirteen years, and have three children. I love my wife deeply, but am not in the habit of kissing and hugging her. She thinks I do not love her and has become infatuated with one of the men that works in my shop. She says she is going away with him. What shall I do? I love her well enough to give her a divorce, but I feel sorry for the children. I want her love. Is there no way to convince her that what she is doing would be bad for us all?
C. G. L.

Yes, indeed. Why not point out to her what a step such as she contemplates taking would mean to her as far as her position in the world is concerned? Try to show her that her feeling for the other man is only based on physical attraction, and that in the end she will be miserable. Try, also, to be more demonstrative. Your wife's love needs kisses as much as a plant needs water. Without them, it will die. Perhaps if you petted her more and showed her how much you cared, she would readily give up this other man.

### Fickle Boy.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am now 21 years old, and have been going about some with a girl for about a year. About three months ago she introduced me to some of her friends and I was very much attracted to a young girl in the crowd. Since then I have been going with this second girl. I feel sorry for the first girl, but since I don't love her any more, don't care to see her. Do you think I should tell her how I feel?
SAILOR

Unless you are engaged to the first girl, there is no reason why you should explain your actions to her. However, you can make up your mind that if you loved the first girl—or thought you did—and now love the second, your affections are anything but secure. Very likely by the time another year passes there will be three or four other fair charmers that will have caught your eye. Best let things drift, but be sure that you don't make love to the girls, and make them believe that you are serious.

### Friendly Letters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17 years old and my parents do not think I ought to have any beaux. Recently a second cousin left for camp and wants me to write to him. He says that he loves me and won't know what to do unless I write to him often. Do you think that I should tell my mother about it? I like this boy very much, but I do not love him. Don't you think it would be all right to write him friendly letters and let my mother see them before they are mailed?
GRAY EYES.

Yes, I believe it will be all right to write the boy friendly letters. Surely your mother cannot object to this, especially if you show her this letter. However, if she does, why not explain to the boy the position you are in? Then try to see if you can't convince your mother later that writing to this boy will be perfectly all right?

### Fickle Girls.

DEAR MISS GREY:

While we were stationed at Fort Sheridan we met two sisters, with whom we fell in love, and we kept steady company with them for several months. We were to be married in July, but were given notice to leave. The day we left was the day set for our wedding. The girls promised to be true, but since we left they have written us that they care for two other men more and asked us to forget them. We are broken-hearted. How can we regain their love?
TWO SAD SOLDIER BOYS.

The only thing to do is forget the girls as speedily as possible. It's too bad they were so fickle. However, don't waste any time thinking about them. Try not to recover a regard that was built on no faith at all. In a few months you will probably meet some other girls and laugh at this whole affair. Good luck, boys.

### Give Her Up.

DEAR MISS GREY.

I am 24 years old and have been in love with a girl of 16 for about two years. When we first got acquainted she thought a lot of me, but recently she has been very cold. I think she wants to get rid of me. What shall I do? I am crazy about her.
S. N.

Why, I don't know that there is anything you can do now. The girl is too young to know whether or not she loves you. I believe it would be a good plan to see her only once in a while. Perhaps if you keep away from her for a while she may learn to appreciate you. If she does not, give her up. There's no use wasting time thinking about a person who does not care for you.

### Woman Speaks First.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Is it all right for a woman to greet a man first when they meet on the street? I am 20 years old, and the other day when I was out walking with my mother, I met a young man I know, and I said "Good evening." My mother said it was improper. Will you kindly let me know which one of us is correct?
L. K.

Unless a girl and a man know each other very well, a woman should always be the first to give the signal of recognition. If they know each other very well, either may do it with perfect propriety. The idea in having the woman speak first is this: It enables her to ignore anybody for whom she has no liking.

### A Soldier's Gift.

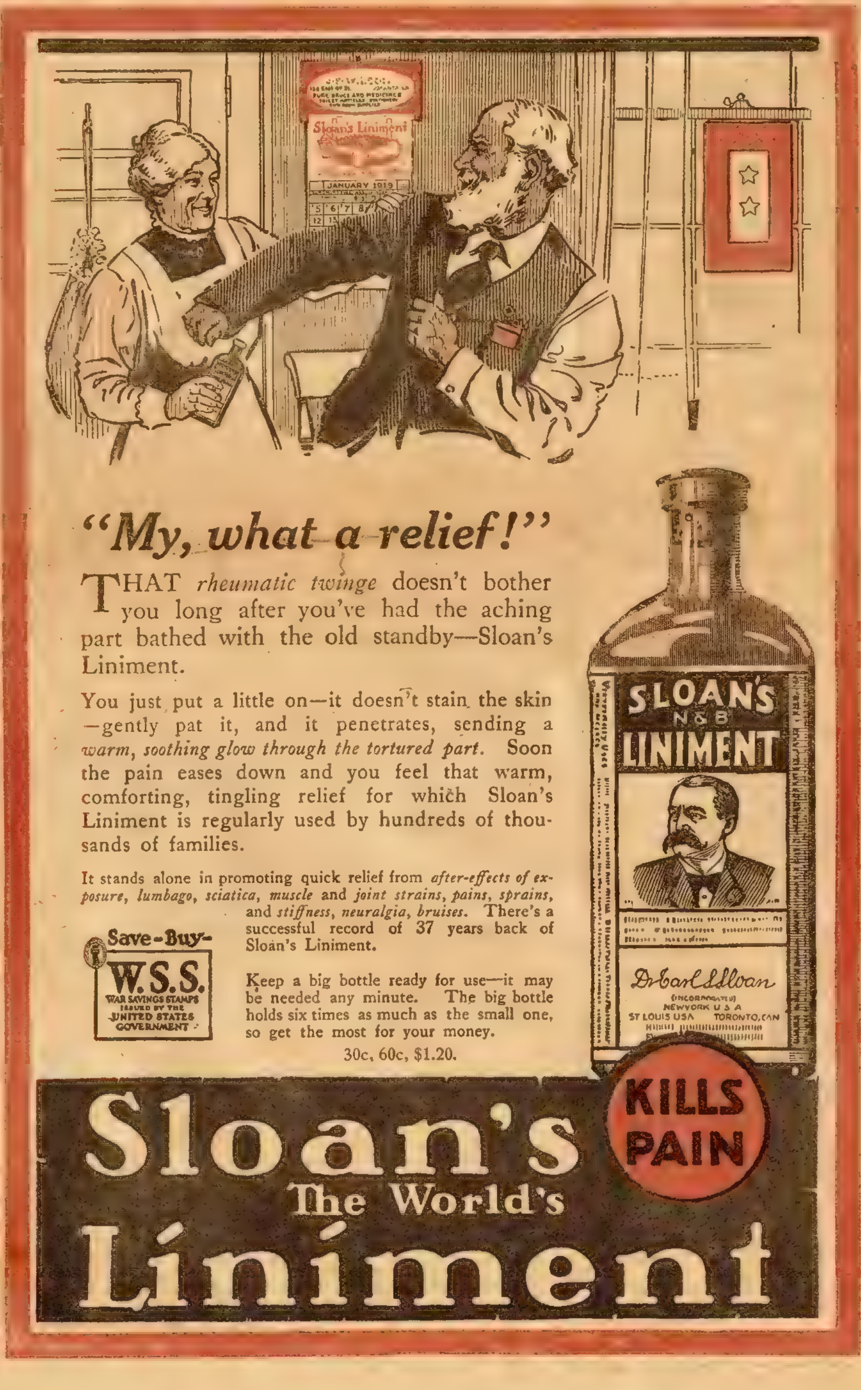
DEAR MISS GREY:

I am deeply in love with a young man about to leave for France. He is in the Army. I should like to give him some token of remembrance. He does not smoke. Can you suggest anything that would make an appropriate gift?

Has he a wrist watch? If not, why not get him one, or, if you can afford it, one of those leather comfort kits with fittings would make an excellent gift. So would a ring.

* * *

People who are discreet have eyes but see not, and ears but hear not.



"My, what a relief!"

THAT *rheumatic twinge* doesn't bother you long after you've had the aching part bathed with the old standby—Sloan's Liniment.

You just put a little on—it doesn't stain the skin—gently pat it, and it penetrates, sending a *warm, soothing glow through the tortured part.* Soon the pain eases down and you feel that warm, comforting, tingling relief for which Sloan's Liniment is regularly used by hundreds of thousands of families.

It stands alone in promoting quick relief from *after-effects of exposure, lumbago, sciatica, muscle* and *joint strains, pains, sprains,* and *stiffness, neuralgia, bruises.* There's a successful record of 37 years back of Sloan's Liniment.

Save-Buy-
W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Keep a big bottle ready for use—it may be needed any minute. The big bottle holds six times as much as the small one, so get the most for your money.

30c, 60c, $1.20.

Sloan's
The World's
Liniment

KILLS
PAIN

# For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

## Warm Socks for Winter Wear

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

FOR both soldier and civilian wear the hand-knitted woolen socks are practical and comfortable, especially for men who have much outdoor work. The spiral sock for home wear is simple and easy for the amateur knitter, as it requires no shaping of the foot and is sure to fit any size, as the foot itself forms the size. It is elastic and when worn at the heel, can be turned around so as to have the worn portion at the ankle where it does not rub.

For the spiral sock cast on 72 sts, k 2, p 2 for 4 inches, on the last row reduce 2 sts, anywhere around the sock, which leaves 70 sts on the 3 needles.

First Row—K 3, p 2, continue for 3 rows.

Fourth Row—Add 1 p st to the first group of purling, making k 3, p 3, once only, then k 3, p 2, to the end of row.

Fifth and Sixth Rows—K 3, p 2, for both rows.

Seventh Row—Repeat first row and continue until the sock measures 24 inches.

You will observe that by adding the 1 p st on each fourth row, you break the straight line of p and k sts, pushing the line forward on this row; this gives the spiral effect and makes the sock pliable for the foot to shape.

For the toe, *k 5, k 2 together, repeat *, adding the 2 sts, decreased at the beginning of the spiral. Add these anywhere around this row.

Knit plain for 5 rows.

Next Row—*k 4, k 2 together, repeat * for this row.

Next Row—Knit plain for 4 rows, continue to decrease in this manner until you have but 24 sts left, remove these to 2 needles, having 12 sts on each; break thread, leaving a length of 12 inches for the closing, thread this into a darning needle, hold the sock so that the darning needle is at your right and the thread is under the knitting needles, weave together as follows: * bring the darning needle thru st on the front knitting needle as if for knitting and slip the st off the needle, pass thru the 2nd st of same needle as for purling and leave this st on the needle, bring the darning needle thru the 1st st of back needle as if for purling and slip the st off the needle, bring thru the 2nd st of back needle as for knitting and leave st on the needle, repeat * until all the sts are worked off, finish the thread by running back and forth along the side of the toe.

For the regular sock, I can give you no better directions than the new ones given by the American Red Cross, which follow: Cast on 56 sts on three needles 20 on the 1st, 20 on the 2nd and 16 on the 3rd needle, k 2, p 2, for 3 inches, knit plain for 8 inches.

For the heel, divide the stitches, making 28 on 1st needle for the heel, 14 on each of the other 2 needles, on the 1st needle * k 1 row, turn, purl 1 row, turn, repeat * until you have 27 rows, always slip the 1st st

Begin to turn the heel on the wrong side.

Slip 1, p 15, p 2 together, p 1, turn.

Slip 1, k 5, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over k st, k 1, turn.

Slip 1, p 6, p 2 together, p 1, turn.

Slip 1, k 7, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over k st, k 1, turn

Slip 1, p 8, p 2 together, p 1, turn.

Slip 1, k 9, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over k st, k 1, turn, continue until there are 16 sts on needle.

For the gusset, pick up 13 sts on the side of the heel (1st needle), k sts of 2nd and 3rd needles onto one needle (2nd needle), pick up 13 sts on the other side of the heel and take 8 sts from the first needle (3rd needle), 1st needle, * knit to within 3 sts of the end, k 2 together, k 1, 2nd needle, k plain, 3rd needle, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over k st, knit to the end, k around plain, repeat * until you have 1st needle 14 sts, 2nd needle, 28 sts, 3rd needle 14 sts, k plain for 5½ inches.

For the toe, 1st needle, * k to within 3 sts of the end, k 2 together, k 1, 2nd needle, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over knit st, k to within 3 sts of end, k 2 together, k 1, 3rd needle, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over k st, k to the end, knit 2 rows plain, repeat * 3 times, making 4 times in all, then narrow every other row 5 times, k 5 sts of your 1st needle onto your 3d needle, making 10 sts on each of 2 needles, leave a length of 12 inches and break thread, weave together as for the toe of spiral sock.

❧

### Uses for Worn Hose.

WHAT do you do with the legs of your worn-out hose? They may be spun into yarn and made into conservation slippers, etc.

Cut off the hem or rib top and cut them round and round into one long strip about three-fourths of an inch wide, down to the heel. Roll the ends and sew together neatly. Spin into yarn by drawing it firmly over the sharp edge of a wood box. It will curl up round and smooth like yarn.

Then crochet it into slippers, rugs, etc. Silk hose make very pretty slippers by finishing the top with some of the brighter colors

Cotton hose make nice rugs that are durable and heavy and lie flat.

Cotton or wool hose make good holders.

Cut off foot, fold square and work edge with a buttonhole stitch with some bright colored yarn or sansilk and fasten a ring to one corner. They are pliable in the hand, easily washed and do not heat thru like cloth

They also make excellent dust rags. Cut off feet and whip the legs together, laying them one top to the other bottom. They gather the dust much better than a cloth and are more easily washed.

❧

### For Chiffon Blouse.

IT IS more or less of a problem always how to finish the neck and sleeves of a chiffon or Georgette blouse made at home. Just now the flat neck finish is more fashionable than any sort of collar on such a blouse and one may pick up a ready made bit of neckwear to complete one's home creation

A very good looking French blouse of pale ecru Georgette has a deep V neck opening and flowing bell sleeves that fall midway between elbow and wrist. Bands of the chiffon, shirred at both edges over a fine cord, edge neck and sleeves. The shirred bands are two inches wide and the shirring is done exquisitely with tiny, band set stitches.

❧

### Novel Notes.

THE short ankle-length skirt seems to be both in good style and good taste.

New tailored costumes have belted fronts and short full capes hang at the back.

There is a new fifteenth century collar of fur which is cut in one from shoulder to shoulder.

Many of the new armholes are wide, extending from the top of the shoulder to the top of the girdle

So many new frocks are Chinese in character that we might say fashion is being inspired by things Chinese

❧

### Fashion Brevities.

THE hems of some frocks turn up far enough even to serve as large accommodating pockets

A frock of black charmeuse made up on the wrong side is much more attractive than it sounds

If one is tired of lace on dainty camisoles, pin tucks and hemstitching may serve as decoration.

Flowered cretonnes make attractive odd waistcoats and smocks

❧

### For Table Napkins.

A COVERING for the fine table napkins, when they are not in use, is made of cretonne, and fashioned like a huge pocketbook with a flap fastening over with a tape. The edges should be bound with tape

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912:

Of the Chicago Ledger, published weekly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1918. State of Illinois, County of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. G. Reynolds, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the circulation manager of the **Chicago Ledger**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, M. M. Taylor, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

2. That the owners are, W. D. Boyce, 9,499 shares, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago; W. D. Boyce, trustee for B. and J. Boyce, 500 shares, 9[illegible] shares out of 10,000.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: No bonds; no mortgages. In regard to section 2 of the law, the **Chicago Ledger** does not accept payment for any editorial or other reading matter printed as news.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed: F. G. REYNOLDS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1918.

[Seal] FLORENCE A. SMITH,
Notary Public.

[My commission expires Sept. 21, 1922.]

**Sufferers**

**From Piles**

Pyramid Pile Treatment gives quick relief, stops itching, bleeding or protruding piles, hemorrhoids and such rectal troubles, in the privacy of your own home. 60c a box at all druggists. A single box often cures. Take no substitute. **Free sample for trial** with booklet mailed free in plain wrapper, if you send us coupon below.

**FREE SAMPLE COUPON**

PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,
120 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Kindly send me a Free sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.

Name ..............................
Street ..............................
City ....................State..........

ONLY
$1
After
10 Days
Trial
Just a
Dollar
as First
Payment

Think of it! A beautiful Cabinet Thieryola Phonograph—standing 39 inches high—in fine Mahogany Finish, Golden Oak or Fumed Oak Case—with Patented Indexed Vertical Record Cabinet holding all sizes of disc records. A perfect instrument that perfectly plays all makes and all sizes of disc records—and with $3.90 value in 10-inch double disc records (12 selections of music) included free of charge—now yours on 10 day's trial—and simply a dollar as first payment AFTER the Free Trial—and the balance in little monthly sums so little you'll hardly miss them!

*Doesn't this make you wish you had the handsome color printed Thieryola Phonograph Catalog in your hands right now so you could fill out the trial order blank for the beautiful Thieryola of your choice!*

***Just Send Coupon***

Just write plainly your name and address on the coupon below (or use a postal card) and mail to me. You'll receive by return mail the most interesting and surprising phonograph buying offers ever placed in your hands.

**THIERYOLA PHONOGRAPHS**

perfectly play all makes of and sizes of Disc Records. With a Thieryola in your home, all the music of all the greatest bands and musicians—all the solos, duets of the world's greatest singers and artists—all phonograph music recorded on disc records is at your command. And nine beautiful styles of Thieryolas to choose from.

Mahogany, Oak and Walnut Cabinets—some with genuine gold-plated trimmings—some with automatic stops—some with electric motors.

Even the Thieryola at $35.00 has a twin-spring motor that plays four records at one winding.

**WRITE NOW!**

Write now, before this offer expires, for catalog and complete information. Get a Thieryola—the complete phonograph—the machine that plays all disc records.

**THIERY PIANOS**
**THIERY ORGANS**

on the market 15 years. 30 days trial and test. Two or three years time to pay. Beautiful Catalogue FREE. Note the Coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON

J. B. THIERY
President
J. B. Thiery Co.
Dept. 12
Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me free and postpaid, full details, catalog, etc., as checked below, all without any obligation on my part.

☐ PHONOGRAPH BOOK
☐ PIANO BOOK ☐ ORGAN BOOK

Check with (X) mark the book you wish.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

**3 Rings and Bracelet FREE**

**Sell 8 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box**

Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Return the $2 and we will send these 4 beautiful gold plated premiums, warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today.

**WE TRUST YOU**

Rosebud Perfume Co Box 100 Woodsboro, Md.

# DAILY HEALTH TALKS

## THE MANY MYSTERIES OF NATURE

BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.

You can take an onion seed and a pansy seed, and plant them side-by side in the same spot of ground. In one case, you get an onion, with its peculiarly strong odor, and in the other you get a flower of rare beauty. You can plant a poppy seed and get opium (a dangerous, habit-forming drug), or you can plant a rhubarb seed and get something that helps constipation. No scientist, living or dead, can explain these mysteries of Nature. Behind the invisible life germ in each seed is hidden the deep secret that nobody understands. Everything growing out of the ground seems intended for some use in establishing natural conditions. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening drains, bearing-down pains, periodical irregularities, pelvic inflammations, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it.

Favorite Prescription should have the full confidence of every woman in America because it contains no alcohol and no narcotic. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine are injurious, and so he has always kept them out of his remedies. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Tablets.—Adv.

**Don't Wear A Truss!**

**After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.**

**I Send It On Trial.**

**If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today**

**The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.**

**and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.**

**I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.**

**FREE INFORMATION COUPON**

**Mr. C. E. Brooks,**
**316 D State St., Marshall, Mich.**

**Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.**

**Name** ..........................................

**Address** ......................................

**City** .......................... **State**..........

**HEALS LEG SORES**

Dr. H. J. Whittier, 218 E. 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., practicing in K. C. since 1885, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose ulcers without knife or pain Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illustrated book.

**like hungry wolves with "Dan's Fish Lure."** Send 25 cents for full box and receive extra, "The Fisherman's Calendar," which tells days fish bite best. Price alone 25c. **DAN GILL CO., B 43 NEW ALBANY, IND.**

# THE DERELICT

## By Hector Blake

[Copyright.]

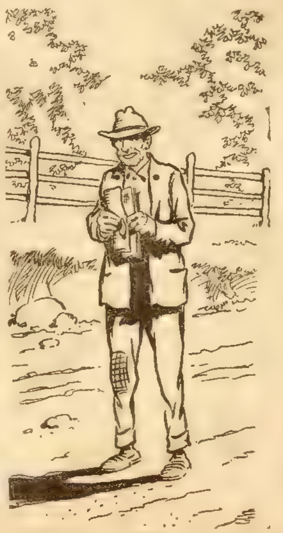
"A BRAND from the burning!" proclaimed wheezy, parsimonious Daniel Britt. I've put Bob Elston on his feet. I hope he keeps his good resolutions which I—ha, hum—have tried to instill."

Old Britt indicated a figure going down the street. It was Bob Elston, whom everybody in town knew as a ne'er-do-well whom they both pitied and liked.

As to Daniel Britt, the knowing ones smiled and shrugged their shoulders. It is true that he had given Elston a suit of old clothes, but it was also current knowledge that Elston in some unaccountable sprint of sobriety had delved and labored in the Britt garden for a full ten days, receiving half pay.

Britt made great capital of his "charity" all that day. The next, however, his feathers dropped. More unsteady and ragged than ever, Bob Elston appeared on the streets of the village. He had sold his clothes and was back in his old attire. He was blindly, steadfastly intoxicated. The demon of rum had him fully in his power once more.

"Did my duty; it's off my mind," commented Britt, and poor Bob as an acknowledged institution of the lower type, proceeded to prolong his spree.



It Was Filled With Bank Notes.

It was about a week after that when Donald Pearce, a rising young lawyer of the town, coming down the turnpike in his automobile, nearly ran down a lurching, indifferent figure in the middle of the road. His machine just grazed Elston and pushed him aside.

"Narrow escape that, Bob," observed Pearce, in a warning but friendly tone. "I should think you'd about cut this drink business out."

"Would," stammered Elston, "but I'm afraid of the tremens," and he shuddered.

Pearce eyed him speculatively. He knew Elston as an irresponsible village feature, he felt sorry for him and wondered mentally if it would do any good to try and sober him up.

"See here, Elston," he said, "you've got too much material in you to throw it to the winds this way. Why don't you brace up?" and he tried a lot of coaxing arguments on his subject, but Elston was impervious to them all.

"Come to me if I can ever help you—sober, tho, mind you," hailed Pearce in parting, and waved his hand in a friendly, encouraging way, not noting that the movement disarranged something from his outside coat pocket, which fell into the road over the side of the machine.

Elston, coming along, saw it, picked it up. It was a pocketbook and it was filled with bank notes. For a moment the drink-bleared eyes glowed with covetousness. Then Elston thrust it out of sight inside his coat, muttering:

"No, I won't be a thief, if I am a drunken wreck. Pearce spoke right to me. I'll act the man," and half an hour later he reached the office of the young lawyer and returned the pocketbook.

"Whew," whistled Pearce, for the first moment aware of his loss. "There's twelve hundred dollars mortgage money paid me by a farmer. I say!—"

He was petrified at this simply honesty.

"Old fellow," he said gratefully, "you've got to let me repay this big act of yours. The woman who keeps my office in order has a neat little home. You'll have the best of care. Rest for a week and let me put you on your feet."

"No use, I'm afraid," returned Elston dejectedly. "I can't bear to be shut up. I'm afraid of the tremens, and want to be where I can get the drink if I begin to see things."

For a long time Pearce pleaded with the poor unfortunate. At length Elston said, "I'll try it, on one condition"

"And what is that?"

"You trust me."

"I guess I will, after your bringing back that lost pocketbook!"

"I want you to buy me a quart bottle of whisky. I want to keep it by my side. On my honor, I will not touch a drop of it unless I feel the tremens coming on. It will help me out to know I've got it, if I reach the limit of endurance."

"Done!" cried Pearce, "and I know you'll conquer."

Elston did. At the end of a week, he took a walk with Pearce. As they reached a quiet spot he took out the bottle. Its contents were intact. He gave it a fling against a rock and it shivered into a thousand pieces.

"That's the end of drink for me," he said, quietly but determinedly.

Now a queer thing came about. Pearce got to questioning Elston about his past. He found that his only living relative was a sister, a milliner in a town fifty miles distant. Elston kept away from her on account of his drinking. Pearce suggested that he go and see the sister.

"I've got an uncle living in Marden," he explained. "I'll get you work there. You'll be happier and safer near your sister."

The first moment Pearce set his eyes on Dorothy Elston, he fell in love with her. He got his old uncle in Marden to employ Elston. The uncle was an eccentric recluse, something of a scientist and had a vast collection of curios and was a good deal of a naturalist.

Two months went by. Pearce made a good many visits to Marden. He got on famously with Dorothy Elston, and her brother was keeping away from strong drink. His employer had sent him away from town on a mission of importance one evening, and Pearce stayed with his uncle that night, leaving early in the morning before his uncle was awake.

Serious news reached him in his own town before nightfall. His uncle had been robbed of a large amount of jewelry. The latter did not prosecute, but he ignored his nephew and former heir after that.

Elston returned to Marden greatly perturbed over the charge that affected his best friend. All one day he tried to figure out how and why his employer was robbed.

At last Elston rested suspicion upon a stranger who had come to the town the day before the robbery, and had been found intoxicated on the public streets.

One day another stranger met Elston. He informed Elston that the man in jail was a friend of his.

"I want to get some money to him so he can buy little necessaries," explained the man. "You're acquainted here and you can get into the jail. Just give him the money, will you—ah, yes, and this cigar."

On the way to the jail, however, he happened to notice the cigar. It felt soft in the center. He investigated, only to discover a note packed into small compass, and reading:

"I can't hang around here for fear of exciting suspicion. Your share of the loot is hidden in the loft of the old shed back of the house we robbed."

Immediately Elston set the officers on the trail of the man who had given him the money and cigar. He was captured, confessed, and Pearce was restored to the good graces of his uncle.

Donald Pearce blessed the hour he had reclaimed from the dregs the reformed derelict who saved his good name, and led to his gaining the dearest, sweetest wife in the world.

* * *

# Is a Merry Widow

"Soon after my husband's death 9 years ago I was taken with typhoid fever. Since then have suffered from stomach and liver trouble and constipation. I have doctored a great deal without benefit. Since taking Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, put up by Geo. H. Mayr, a Chicago chemist, three months ago, my bowels have moved regularly and I am feeling well again. I am now a happy woman." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. For sale by druggists everywhere.

**SAVE $15.00**

Our low prices for made to measure clothes will save you $15 a suit. All extras free, delivery charges prepaid.

**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL**

No sale unless you are well pleased. Send us your name and address for beautiful cloth samples, style book, inside prices, tapeline, etc. Fine chance for agents. Big easy money —drop us a card today.

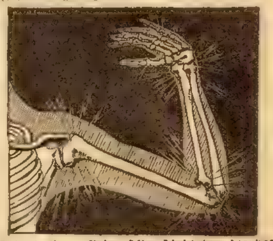
**AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO.**
**Dept. 1006, Chicago**

**Rheumatism**

**Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.**

**Send No Money—Just Your Address.**

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



**"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."**

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

Mark H. Jackson, 464-E, Gurney Bldg.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
I accept your offer. Send to:

..................................................

..................................................

..................................................

**CRUEL PILES**

**Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands**

**Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE**

To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for **Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles,** and such Pile trouble—all in plain wrapper — **TO TRY FREE.** Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous **Absorption Method.** No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you **nothing.** You decide and **we take your word.** We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases **are often controlled in a single day. Won't** you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. RZ39, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

# For the Ledger Boys and Girls

## The Torch of Fire

NOBODY ever gets tired of his favorite story. You can listen to the story of Jack the Giant-Killer and of Cinderella a hundred times, can't you? Well, that was the way the little Indian children felt about the legend called "The Torch of Fire." They heard it again and again, but after it was finished they always said, "Tell us that story all over once more!" Perhaps you would like to hear it, too, would you?

A long time ago, then, so the Indians would tell you, there was no fire to keep them warm, and no fire to roast their corn and fish and deer meat. The only fire in the world was kept in the wigwam of a great Medicine Man in the mountains. This Medicine Man was very fierce and cruel. He had two daughters to help him take care of the fire. They never left the fire alone, and they never allowed it to go out. They did not want any one to steal it, and if visitors came to see them they frightened them away with poisoned arrows. The Indians needed fire very much, especially when the cold weather came. They tried to get some fire many times, but they did not succeed because it was guarded day and night. One day a brave young warrior said, "I am going to the tent of the Medicine Man myself to get some fire for my poor suffering people," so off he went in his canoe across the lakes and rivers. It was a hard journey, for he had to carry his canoe over many hills and mountains, but at last he came to the place where the Medicine Man and his two daughters lived. The young chief's name was Nanaboozho. He was tall and strong and brave, but he knew he had no chance to get some fire if he went into the wigwam as an Indian; so he turned himself into a little rabbit just as he swam up to the shore of the last stream he had to cross. He made himself soaking wet and hid his canoe in the bushes. Then he crept into the wigwam. The Medicine Man saw the rabbit, but he only grunted. He wasn't afraid of a little bunny, of course. His daughters felt sorry for the little creature, and they let it come close to the fire to get warm and dry. The rabbit was very quiet till evening came and the Medicine Man and his daughters were asleep. Then, quick as a flash, he turned himself back into an Indian chief again, snatched up a burning piece of wood and ran to the canoe. In one minute the Medicine Man was after him. My, how Nanaboozho did run! He got away, too, and reached home with the torch still burning, and after that the Indians had all the fire they wanted for heat and for cooking—thanks to the brave and clever Nanaboozho!

### Not the Answer Expected.

THE school examiner was putting the children thru their paces. His immediate subject was geography. Standing on the platform, he said: "We will suppose that this whole school is composed of water and I am an island—now what island would I represent?"

"The Isle of Man," came a quick reply.

Then, calling the bright pupil to his side, he asked again, "Now suppose we both stood together like this, what islands would we represent?"

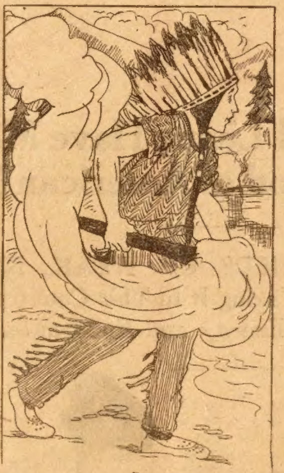
"The Scilly Islands, sir," came the answer in a loud tone.

ROGERS
ST. LOUIS
PAYS HIGHEST PRICES FOR FURS

Get all your furs are worth by SHIPPING DIRECT TO ROGERS, the big fur house in the world's greatest fur market where professional trappers and fur dealers from all parts of the earth ship to sell furs to best advantage.

Rogers pays the HIGHEST PRICES IN THE COUNTRY for all furs, hides and ginseng and CHARGES NO COMMISSION. Send quick for our big money-making price list also FREE new 68-page "PRACTICAL TRAPPERS GUIDE." It is handsomely illustrated and tells how to make big profits and best ways to trap and handle skins of all fur bearing animals; also gives other valuable information.

ROGERS FUR CO.
DEPT. 112, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Then, Quick as a Flash, He Turned Himself Back Into an Indian Chief, Snatched Up a Burning Piece of Wood, and Ran Into the Canoe.

### Baby Bear's Picnic Lunch.

WHEN New Year's day came to Story Book Island Father Bear and Mother Bear gave Baby Bear a calendar. There was a leaf for every day in the whole year and at the top of each leaf was a sentence telling something to do or to be on that day. One leaf had "Keep Smiling," and on that day Baby Bear tried to be happy and smily all day. Another leaf had "Do Your Best," and still another, "Never Say Fail."

One morning Baby Bear said to his mother, "Mother Bear, may I have a little picnic lunch on the flat stone under the big maple tree?" Mother Bear thought a moment, then said, "You may if you will take your little basket and go to the store after your lunch. I haven't time to put up a lunch for you."

So Baby Bear took his little basket on his arm, but before he started he looked at his calendar. The leaf for that day said, "Be Kind." He tore off the leaf and put it in the bottom of his basket to help him remember, then he started for the store, which Billy Beaver kept in the middle of the woods. He meant to buy a big red apple and a little frosted cake for his lunch.

He was hurrying along thinking of the nice time he would have and not noticing where he was going when he ran right against some one. It was Mother Possum with three baby possums on her back.

"Please excuse me," said Baby Bear, politely.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mother Possum, "but where are you going with your basket?"

"To Billy Beaver's store to get a big red apple and a little frosted cake for my picnic lunch," Baby Bear answered.

"Will you bring me a loaf of bread?" asked Mother Possum. "The children are cross and I haven't anything in the house for lunch."

Baby Bear remembered that his calendar said, "Be Kind," and he answered, "Yes, indeed, I will."

He went on a little farther and met Uncle Bruin Bear. "Where are you going with your basket?" called Uncle Bruin.

"To Billy Beaver's store to get a big red apple and a littel frosted cake for my picnic lunch," said Baby Bear.

"Bring me back a cake of honey," called Uncle Bruin. "I am very busy today and haven't time to go to the store."

Baby Bear remembered what his calendar said and answered, "Indeed I will."

Next he saw little Sally Rabbit. "Where are you going with your basket?" she asked.

Baby Bear told her, and she said, "Oh, will you please bring me a few nice, crisp cabbage leaves and a carrot or two? I am going to have company for lunch."

Baby Bear remembered what his calendar said. "Indeed, I will."

When he was passing a hollow tree Auntie Bushy Squirrel called, "Baby Bear, where are you going with your basket?"

When he told her she said, "Do bring me a dozen of Billy Beaver's finest acorns. Mine are all gone and I am too tired to hunt for more."

Baby Bear looked at the leaf from his calendar lying in the basket, and said, "Indeed, I will."

He hurried on till he reached Billy Beaver's store. He got a loaf of bread for Mother Possum, a cake of honey for Uncle Bruin Bear, some nice, crisp cabbage leaves and two carrots for Sally Rabbit, and a dozen big acorns for Auntie Bushy Squirrel, but by that time his little basket was full and there was no room at all for the big red apple and the little frosted cake.

Baby Bear went back thru the woods and stopped at the homes of his friends to leave the things they had asked for, then he went on home, swinging the empty basket.

He was sitting on the doorstep resting when the gate clicked and little Billy Possum came up the walk bringing a nice bread and jelly sandwich. "Mother sent you some of her bread for your picnic lunch, and she spread it with some of her plum jelly," he said.

In a few minutes Uncle Bruin Bear came to see Father Bear and he gave Baby Bear a piece of his cake of honey. "For your picnic lunch," he said.

The gate clicked again and it was Sally Rabbit with a tiny carrot pie. "I baked it for your picnic lunch," she said.

Last of all, Frisky Squirrel came with a little round frosted nut cake.

"Auntie Bushy Squirrel baked it for your picnic lunch," he said.

Baby Bear put all the good things into his little basket and they made a nice, big picnic lunch. Then he invited Frisky Squirrel to go to the picnic with him.

"Everybody was kind to me," he said, "because I was kind to everybody."

### Anxious to Please.

"IT IS the children who try to please that usually win in the battle of life," remarked Principal Jones of the Logan Street school. "I am sure I can predict success for the little chap who wanted to get excused early to go on a visit to a little chum.

"Before he left I gave him a few pointers on politeness. 'Always take off your hat when you enter the house, and be sure to say please, and thank you at the proper time,' I admonished.

"'Yes'm,' said the little fellow, and then added, 'don't you think you'd better write it down so I can give it to Johnny's mother? Then I'd be sure.'"

### Same Old Job.

DR. BROUGHER had been listening to a Sunday school class discussing the life of Joseph in Egypt, and ventured to inject a question.

"Tell me, little man, what reward was given Joseph for saving the Egyptians from starvation?"

"They gave him Mr. Hoover's job," was the quick response.

### Well, Where Did It Go?

BILLY had stubbed his toe and in a few days the shoe showed a hole in it and this every day grew larger.

"Mamma," he said, "where did the leather go that was in that hole? I think the fairies must have stolen it."

WE WANT ALL KINDS OF FURS
FOX, BEAR, BEAVER, LYNX,
MUSKRAT,
MARTEN, MINK, ETC.
WEIL PAYS THE MOST

REMITS QUICKEST. PAYS CASH.
Holds shipments five days if desired. Furs are very high. Catch all you can. Follow our Illustrated Trapper's Guide. It's Free. Send for it. Make big money. Frequent Price Lists sent to keep you posted. Traps and bait, the kinds you want, priced and illustrated. Get to know us. In business half a century. Biggest House. Most centrally located. Ask any Banker about us. The first House in the U. S. that ever sent a Price List to a Trapper. Cash for Hides. Let us quote you prices.

WEIL BROS. & CO.
The Old Square Deal House, Box 118, Fort Wayne, Indiana
Capital $1,000,000, Paid. Everybody interested. WRITE

JUDD FUR CO.
$

We Pay MORE for Furs

Ship direct to Judd Fur Co., Chicago—the best fur house in the great central market. Here no commission charges or grading fees come out of your check. YOU GET IT ALL. You also get the benefit of the Judd Standard System of Grading which means higher grading—and still more money in your pocket. Additional benefits are a larger check by RETURN MAIL and a business connection backed by $1,000,000 capital.

WRITE TODAY for EXTRA PROFIT FUR PRICE LIST and exclusive information on the fur market.

JUDD FUR CO· 1127U West 35th St., Chicago, Ills.

TRAPPERS
BE WISE

Get MORE cash for your furs by shipping to Hill Bros. Fur Co.—"The Fastest Growing Fur House in America".

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

Over 300,000 satisfied shippers send us all their furs. Try us.

FREE Fur Price List, Trappers' Guide, Game Laws, Catalog and particulars of our $300.00 Cash Prizes to trappers only. All sent FREE. Write today—a postal card will do.

HILL BROS. FUR CO. 350 HILL BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Send your name and finger size and say, "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $3.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.00 a month until $15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 5017, Chicago

FREE WRIST WATCH AND RING FREE
10 YEAR GUARANTEE
Stem Wind, Pendant Set, Leather Strap. Order 25 of our easy selling Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us the money and select your prize according to our list.
GAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 612. CHICAGO, ILL.

Ship Your Furs direct to Mr. Pfaelzer

He's the man who helped make New York the world's Premier Fur Market—leader of liberal assortments—of high prices—instant settlements—the square deal. ☞ Mr. Pfaelzer will help you buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps by being unusually liberal for quick shipments. He needs your furs. No shipment too small. None too large. His money awaits your Pelts. Send for Price List, and ship to

M. F. PFAELZER & CO., 115-123 WEST 29th STREET (Desk 24), NEW YORK
Members Raw Fur Merchants' Ass'n

TRAPPERS AND BUYERS WRITE
FUNSTEN
FOR Market Reports, Supply Catalogs, Trapper's Guide, Game Laws, Shipping Tags, FREE

Our new 3-in-1 book just off the press. Tells where, how and when to trap; old trappers' methods and secrets; pictures all principal fur-bearing animals; tells habits; best baits to use; how to prepare and pack furs for market. Also includes Game Laws and complete Supply Catalog, listing lowest factory prices on traps, guns, smokers, outfits, etc. Mailed FREE.

Get on the Funsten list to receive latest price-lists, market reports, throughout the season. We keep you posted on all price changes—no charge for this service. 500,000 trappers and traders ship to Funsten—the BIG HOUSE. Write today.

TRAPPER'S GUIDE FREE

FUNSTEN BROS. & CO.
International Fur Exchange
131 FUNSTEN BUILDING
St. Louis, Mo.

# Is Your Blood Starving For Want Of Iron?

## Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made an Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

### WHY NUXATED IRON SO QUICKLY BUILDS UP WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN FOLKS—Over 3,000,000 People Annually Taking It In This Country Alone To Increase Their Strength, Power, Energy and Endurance.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in their blood, and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with vim and energy.

"As proof of this take the case of Former United States Senator and Vice Presidential nominee, Charles A. Towne, who at past 58 is still a veritable mountain of tireless energy. Senator Towne says: 'I have found Nuxated Iron of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the benefit of others to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to those who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions.'

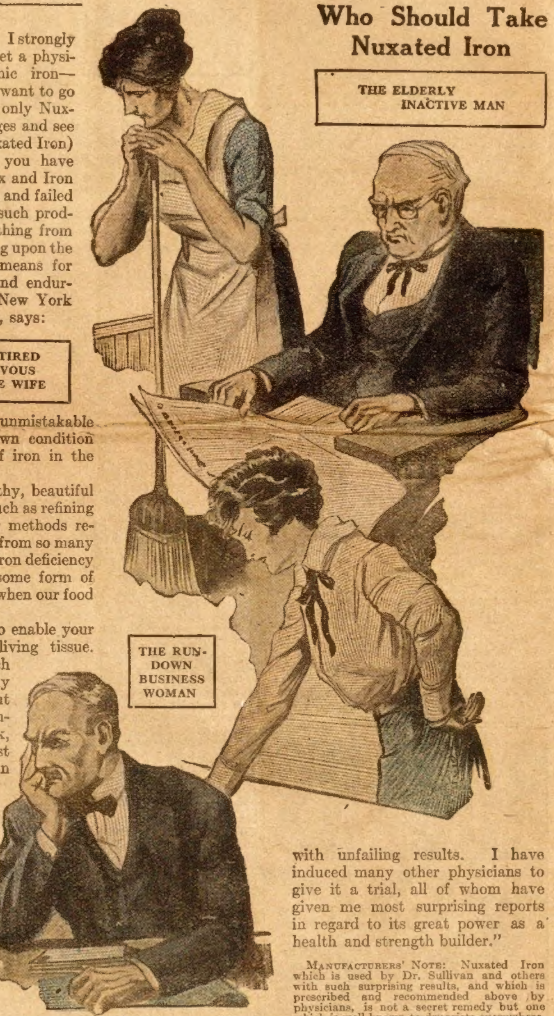
"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it cost a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron." In commenting upon the value of Nuxated Iron as a means for creating red blood, strength and endurance, Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says:

"Scarcely a day goes by but that I see women whose care-worn faces, dragging steps and generally weak, tired appearance show unmistakable signs of that anaemic, run-down condition usually brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful women without iron and inasmuch as refining processes and modern cooking methods remove the iron of Mother Earth from so many of our most common foods this iron deficiency should be supplied by using some form of organic iron just as we use salt when our food has not enough salt.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it no matter how much or what you eat your food merely passes through you without doing you good, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. Give such a woman a short course of Nuxated Iron and she often quickly becomes an entirely different individual—strong, healthy and rosy-cheeked. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

### Who Should Take Nuxated Iron


THE ELDERLY INACTIVE MAN
THE TIRED NERVOUS HOUSE WIFE
THE RUN-DOWN BUSINESS WOMAN
THE EXHAUSTED BUSINESS MAN

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

**SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS:** **Doctor, when you wish to prescribe a true tonic, strength and blood builder, one that helps put vim and renewed energy into the veins of the weak, infirm, run-down and aged—try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you have had patients complaining of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. It is highly endorsed by such physicians as Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City; Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and Former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author; Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, Former Adjunct Professor New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital, and others. In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded.**

# The Forgotten Story

"FROM the very nature of things I can't tell Alice," said the conservation enthusiast. "It's Alice's book."

"Her book!" said the war relief worker. "When did she write one? I never knew she wrote at all!"

"She doesn't, now," the conservation enthusiast made chuckling reply. "She learned long ago that her gifts didn't lie in that direction. But when she was a very young girl—you see, I was born in the same block with Alice, and have known her ever since we were children—she had great dreams of becoming a famous author. I used to hear all about them—and encourage her, that being the time when I confidently expected to blossom into a renowned artist. When we were 17 I painted wild pictures and Alice wrote a book.

"It was a mild little love story, with a rather original idea, but so crudely written! We thought it lovely then, but Alice was thankful soon after that it died in the borning. The publisher failed the week of publication, so only the few friends upon whom Alice modestly pressed the few copies he gave her before the receivers took his business over and decided to run it differently ever saw the volume. But I felt almost as distressed as Alice over this seeming catastrophe, and I took one of the copies to our librarian here and got him to put it in the library.

"Well, we both went to preparatory school that autumn. We wanted to get ready for college as quickly as possible. We were busy as bees every moment for ages and I don't believe Alice ever thought of that book—I know I didn't—until she began to attract attention by her brilliant sociological work.

"A fellow worker who had heard of the thing somehow or other twitted Alice about it, then seriously advised her to see that it was withdrawn from all possibility of circulation. If she didn't, he said, somebody would give it untimely resurrection some time and she'd feel ridiculous. So Alice went to lots of trouble hunting up the man who bought out her unlucky publisher. When she found him he said he had no idea where the plates of that book were; he didn't even know whether they were in existence. But Alice wanted them so badly that he hunted them up and sold them to her for $50. I expect she might have had them for nothing if she hadn't been so anxious. Anyway, Alice had them sent home and her brother used them as ballast for his sailboat until he got it capsized, somehow, and lost boat, plates and all.

"Then Alice forgot all about the matter, I'm certain. She's been so busy with so many things for years, now. But before she got the plates she visited the library here and asked the librarian to give her back the book. The librarian said his predecessor had placed that book in the library, with the consent of the board of directors, and he had no authority to take it out again unless the directors discussed the question at a regular meeting and gave their official sanction. Alice didn't want the thing talked about, so she explained the situation to the librarian, told him that the book was crude and that she'd outgrown it. So the librarian told her that he'd withdraw it from the regular shelves and put it on a special shelf in his office, where visitors would not greet it.

"But the other day that new Mrs. Jenkins, who's so inquisitive and gossipy, went downtown on the train with me and remarked, in the course of conversation, that she had only just learned that Miss Bill was a writer.

"'She isn't,' I said. 'She talks about her work, sometimes, but she doesn't write about it. And she hardly thinks of anything but her work and the war.'

"'Well,' said Mrs. Jenkins, 'she must be a writer and of rather an advanced type at that, for I noticed a novel by Alice M. Bill in the catalog of our village library, and it was on the starred list.'

"Well, my dear, the proverbial feather wouldn't have been needed to throw me off my balance. The truth came to me in a flash, and I determined that Alice, who's got a lot of responsibility on her shoulders at present, shouldn't be worried about it. So I told Mrs. Jenkins, quite truthfully, that Alice had several relatives of the same name, that two of them had died about fifteen years ago (five or six years after Alice wrote that wretched little tale, you'll notice), that I'd known Alice ever since we were babies and knew she'd never had even a thought that would need library starring, that books were starred for various reasons, that if Alice should ever write anything I'd be sure to know about it.

"But it occurred to me later that it would be just as well to remove all chance of similar dangers, so this morning I came in and took that book off the starred shelf without asking for it. Nobody saw me and tomorrow the library purchasing committee will receive an anonymous contribution sufficient to replace its full value.

"But every time I think of that starred shelf I giggle."

* * *

The man who is fond of a savage dog has no business with a wife.

# Classified Want Ads

**Information—** The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

## SALESMEN WANTED

**WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY** store? Our proposition is better. Let us tell you how you can handle Flour, Canned Goods, Provisions, an entire line of Groceries, as well as Paints, Roofing, Stock Goods, Automobile and Machinery Oils and Greases. No rent to pay. No investment in stock. Large orders taken from samples. Goods of guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Very profitable work for "workers." Address, Hitchcock Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or express company.

## AGENTS WANTED

**AGENTS, WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN** right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat $4.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 [illegible] Glover $81.50 first four days. Neally [illegible] and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-133, Dayton, Ohio.

**SELL OUR "WONDER SET" OF TOILET** preparations with $1.50 silver berry spoon given as free premium to your customers taking your orders under the "Madison System," in which we do all the delivery work and send you a commission check every Saturday. No money or letter of credit required. You can make $25 to $65 a week with this big seller. Northwestern Sales Company, 2049 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

**MIRACLE MOTOR GAS STARTLES AUTO** world. Equals gasoline; 3c gallon. Knocks out carbon. 300% profit—$20 daily. Sample free to each motorist your county. Isom, Idaho, wires: "Ship 500 packages. Made $62 yesterday." Investigate. R. Butler, Sec'y, 323 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

**LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRESENTATIVES** to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

**AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE** Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

**DOLLAR AN HOUR SURE—MEN, WOMEN,** sell Menthol Ointment. Leave on trial. Trial is sale. Good side line. Credit and freight allowed. Sample free. Horner Mfg., 540, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT AND** wear a fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 23, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo

**AGENTS—LIVE LINE. GOOD MONEY. SOLE** manufacturers. Flexo-glaze patriotic portraits. Great variety. Pan American Supply Co., 448-R North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

**YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS** and varnish, 25c gallon. Emmelmann Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

## HELP WANTED

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN,** 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 29, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY,** good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## MALE HELP—(Continued)

**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFFICE,** rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**M**[illegible] necessary. [illegible] tions, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

## MEN

**GET VITAL STRENGTH—RETAIN YOUTHFUL** vigor. Easy, sure, drugless. Particulars free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**LADIES EARN MONEY CROCHETING,** sewing, tatting, making aprons and dust caps from our especially designed, exclusive, economical patterns. We can't supply the demand. Send 25c for patterns and plans. Money returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Service, 6240D So. Park Ave., Chicago.

**PATRIOTIC, STEADY, WELL PAID EMPLOYMENT** in your own home—knit urgently needed war socks for us on the fast simple Auto Knitter. Full particulars, today, 3c stamp. Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 78M, 821 Jefferson, Buffalo, N. Y.

**WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES** to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

**GIRLS-WOMEN WANTED. GOVERNMENT** war positions. $100 month. Promotion. 30,000 vacancies. Office work. Experience unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 27, Rochester, N. Y.

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID** to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 64, Philadelphia, Pa.

## OLD COINS WANTED

**WILL PAY $7.00 FOR 1853 QUARTER, NO** arrows; $100.00 for 1853 half without arrows; $2.00 for 1904 dollar, proof. We buy all rare coins to 1912, cents, nickels, dimes, etc., to dollars, and old bills. Cash premiums paid. Send us 4c. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

## TOBACCO HABIT

**TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR** no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

## INVENTIONS

**INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. CASH OR** royalty. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44A, St. Louis, Mo.

## REVENUE AND POSTAGE STAMPS

**USED REVENUE AND POSTAGE STAMPS** wanted. 16 page buying catalog 5c. A. H. Kraus, 117 Kraus Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

## GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

**NEW PATRIOTIC PLAYS, RECITATIONS,** entertainments for war-time benefits. Vaudeville sketches, monologues, drills, tableaux, make-up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 6, Chicago

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**RESULTS COUNT. $1 DOES IT. PROFITS** may prove $200 monthly or more. Bank references furnished. We invite a thorough investigation. Maps, reports, established facts. Free. Address Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

**NATIONAL BANK PRESIDENT IS PRESIDENT** of our company. Highest grade oil. No debts. No agents. No salaries to officers. Enormous profits in prospect. Send for cir-[illegible]

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES** through small investments. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

**WILL PAY CASH FOR LIBERTY BONDS.** Write for information. United Bond Co., Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

**$75.00 BUYS COMPLETE MOVING PICTURE** business. Machine, film, screen, etc. Wonderful openings everywhere. Start now. Big profits made. No experience. Only $75.00 required. Details free. Dept. F 4, Feature Film Exchange, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

**$75.00 BUYS COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL** moving picture outfit—machine, films, supplies. Make big money. Small investment. Write for particulars. Ellsworth Film Co., Dept. S B, 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

## MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**OWN A FARM HOME. ASK ABOUT OUR** week end excursions to our hardwood lands in Michigan's best counties. 40,000 acres. $15 to $30 per A. Easy terms for wage earners and farm renters. Grains, stock, fruit, truck, chickens. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Company. Oldest company in the business. X1245 1st Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

**RICH LAND IN MICHIGAN. GRAINS,** poultry, fruit, stock. Big yields. Less labor. 10, 20, 40, 80 acres. $15 to $30 per acre. Easy payments. No commissions. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co, X1245 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

## SONG POEMS WANTED

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE** write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

## BELGIAN HARES

**RAISE BELGIAN HARES FOR US. WE** furnish stock and pay you $5.00 a pair and express for all you can raise. Profits immense. Instruction book and contract 10c; nothing free. Wm. Dammann, Dept. 5, Egg Harbor, N. J.

## BOYS WANTED

**TELL YOUR BOY ABOUT THIS—BOYS YOU** can make good money selling The Boys' Magazine. Write us today for 5 copies. Send no money. The Boys' Magazine, Dept. A77, Smethport, Pa.

## PATENTS

**INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY** bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent. References: Dun, Bradstreet and Washington Mechanics' Bank. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

**IDEAS WANTED. THEY BRING WEALTH** if patented. Send postal for Needed Inventions, List of Patent Buyers and Guide Book. Tells how to secure patent through our credit plan. Randolph & Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

## HERBS, BARKS, ROOTS

**GATHER OR CULTIVATE HERBS, BARKS,** roots for us. Profitable, enjoyable, instructive. Buying list and illustrated descriptive booklet 10c. Wisco Herb House, Desk 45, 409 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## MEDICAL

**SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADDER** trouble, causing backache, nervousness, [illegible] urinate, smarting and [illegible] any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**INDIGESTION AND HEART TROUBLE INSTANTLY** relieved by wearing my medicated ring. Price $1.00; money refunded if not satisfied. F. Snyder, 300 West 121st St., N. Y. City.

**"5 DAY ECZEMA CURE," BY ONE CURED** after doctors and everything else failed. Formula, $1.00. Zone, St. George, Ga.

## PERSONAL

**MEN—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO** restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN CORRESPONDENCE** with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE,** worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REMEMBER,** we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

**MOVING PICTURE PRODUCER DESIRES** correspondence with lady of some means interested in pictures. Tebbetts, 3100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL** magazine published. Mailed free. Ladies, send age, description. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pa.

**MARRY IF LONELY; MOST SUCCESSFUL** "Home Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential, reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

**FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST** in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

**MME. E. A. FISHER TELLS YOU HOW TO** obtain your desires; "sure method" for stamp and dime. Mme. E. A. Fisher, Somerville, Tenn.

**GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER** published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**M.** H., 406 E. 4TH ST. WRITE.

*Back Up the Boys in France—Buy W. S. S. Regularly*

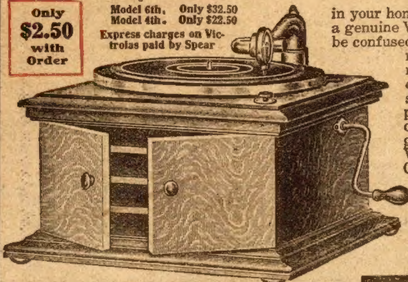
# My Prices are Still Bargain Prices

**SEND FOR MY NEW, BIG, FREE CATALOG**

## Play this Victrola 30 Days

**Only $2.50 with Order**

**Model 6th. Only $32.50**
**Model 4th. Only $22.50**
**Express charges on Victrolas paid by Spear**



in your home at our risk. This is a genuine Victrola and should not be confused with ordinary talking machines with other names. Return it at our expense if your satisfaction is not complete. You will not be out a penny. This is a genuine 6th Victor-Victrola in Beautiful Golden Quartered Oak; up-to-date model with all the Victor improvements; 12-inch turn-table. Size of base is 15 x 16½ inches. Reproduces every atom of music a record contains, in full, rich, strong tones. **Price only $32.50.**

If you prefer a lower-priced instrument, order Victrola 4th. Its design, quality, etc., are about the same as 6th except that it is smaller; the base measures 13 x 14 inches. Has 10-inch turn-table. Plays any record. **Price only $22.50. Terms on both the same; $2.50 cash, $2.50 monthly.** Express charges on Victrolas paid by Spear. Be sure to state carefully which you want, 6th or 4th. Either sent on 30 days approval, with Spear money-back offer. Both instruments will play all Victor or Columbia Records. Record catalogs on request.

## Rest in this Rocker 30 Days

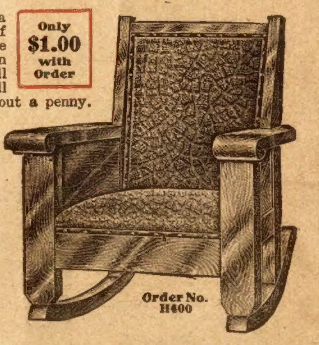
**Only $1.00 with Order**

Enjoy its comfort and repose a whole month at our risk. Then if your satisfaction with both article and price is not complete, return the rocker at our expense. We will refund your first payment and all freight costs—you will not be out a penny.

The finish is a Beautiful Fumed Oak. All the woodwork is thoroughly seasoned solid oak. The wide arms, big heavy front posts, solid panel sides and high back are features that guarantee not only comfort and appearance, but years and years of wear with the hardest use.

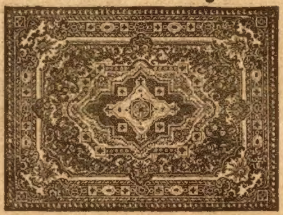
The deep, wide seat is built over a high-grade, long-lasting spring support which is covered with sanitary upholstering materials. The outer covering is our famous brown Spanish artificial leather. The back is upholstered in the same way.

**Price Only $9.95**


**Order No. H400**

**Order No. H400. Terms $1.00 with order, $1.00 monthly. Total Price $9.95.**

## Use it 30 Days



### Tapestry Brussels Rug

**Only $2.00 with**

A big, handsome center medallion—extra large rose clusters in corners—leaf effect throughout the field—old [illegible] Made of all-worsted yarns. The heavy back makes it cling close to the floor. Will give better wear and longer service than you would get from a rug purchased elsewhere at this price. Sent on 30 days' trial and use. Shipping weight only 22 pounds.

**Price Only $19.95**

**No. H5060, size 8 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft., price $19.95. Terms: $2.00 with order, $2.00 a month**

**"I Will Trust You Gladly"**
***—Spear of Pittsburgh***

Notwithstanding the prevailing high cost of everything my prices are still Bargain Prices. They are still much lower than you have to pay your home stores.

Send for my New, Big, Free Fall and Winter Catalog (now ready) and let me prove to you that, war or no war, "Spear Sells For Less." See the fine, big, clear pictures of thousands of beautiful, useful and necessary things for the home. Read how I give

### The Longest Time to Pay

My monthly payments are the smallest, my terms are the easiest. No matter what you need in home furnishings you will d[illegible] buy everything they need from me.

### Money Back Offer on Everything

No matter what you order—be it a single chair or a big houseful of furniture your satisfaction must be complete as to price, quality and terms or I will return your money. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Trial and Use. This means that you can return anything in this time and not be out a penny. I will refund your payment and all freight charges. Be sure to write today for my Handsome Free Catalog. Send the coupon.

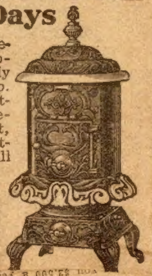
***NATHANIEL SPEAR, President***

# → SPEAR & CO. ←

**Dept. C** **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

## Burn a Fire in this Oak Heater 30 Days

**Only $1.00 with Order**



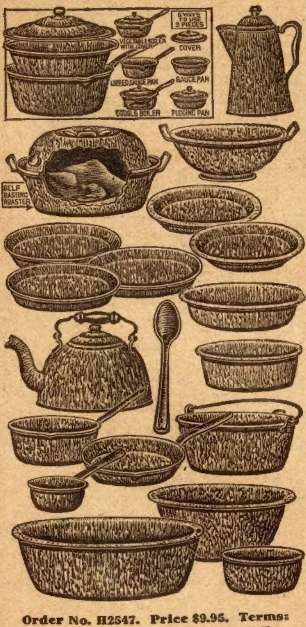
Completely equipped; ready to set up. Has a cast-iron fire-pot, with heavy front, top and base, attractively designed. Full nickel trimmed. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Has a complete set of dampers which insure easy regulation of heat and economy in fuel consumption. Shaker and dump grate. Nickel parts include foot rails, top ring, urn and screw d[illegible]

**MADE IN TWO SIZES**

**No. H15 is 48 in. high with 15 in. fire pot, price $11.45**
**No. H17 is 53 in. high with 17 in. fire pot, price $15.45**

Shipped on 30 days' trial and use. Terms on either stove: $1.00 Cash with Order. $1.75 per Month.

*Important:* Be sure to order the right size. It is better to have a heater a little too large than one too small. A larger stove gives more heat on a smaller consumption of fuel, and is therefore more economical to operate.



**Order No. H2547. Price $9.95. Terms: $1.00 with order, $1.00 per month.**

## Use This Big 24-Piece "Old Hampshire" Gray Enamel Set 30 Days

**Only $1.00 with Order**

The best on the market. Not made in the ordinary way. Manufactured by a special process, which makes it exceedingly durable and very attractive. Has a mottled baked-on enamel over the sheet-iron base that is far superior to the many cheap utensils on the market. We guarantee this set to give extraordinary service.

**This Set Consists of** Queen cooker (6 uses), 2-quart coffee-pot, large roaster, colander, 3 10-inch cake pans, 2 10-inch pie pans, 5-quart teakettle, 12-inch spoon, wash-basin, pudding pan, lipped saucepan, 9-inch frying pan, large lipped preserving kettle, dipper, large mixing bowl, dish pan and batter bowl.

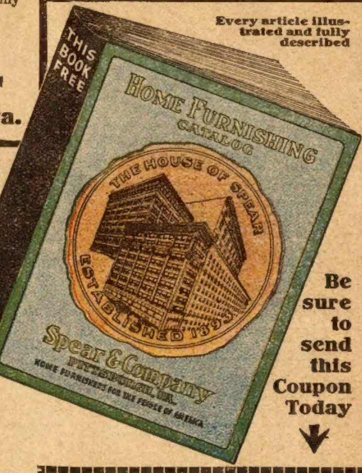
**Price Only $9.95** Order on 30 days' trial and use. Your money will be refunded and we will pay express both ways if you are not thoroughly pleased.

My Big, New, Free Fall and Winter Bargain Book is yours for the asking. All you have to do is fill out and send the coupon. The sooner you have the book the quicker you will know all about my

### Thousands of Bargains in Everything for the Home

- **Furniture**
- **Sewing Machines**
- **Silverware**
- **Guns**
- **Ranges**
- **Springs**
- **Bedding**
- **Lace Curtains**
- **Lamps**
- **Stoves**
- **Dishes**
- **Jewelry**
- **Watches**
- **Rugs**
- **Portieres**
- **Clocks**
- **Go-Carts**
- **Cooking Utensils**
- **Bicycles**
- **Linoleum**
- **Mattresses**
- **Victrolas**
- **Refrigerators**
- **Carpets**
- **Washing Machines**

**Every article illustrated and fully described**



**Be sure to send this Coupon Today**

**SPEAR & CO., Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

I would like to know all about the Spear Open Account, Easy Payment Plan for home furnishing. Please send me, free, your Complete Bargain Catalog with Prices, Terms, and Information, without the slightest obligation on my part.

Name..............................................

Town..............................................

State..............................................